HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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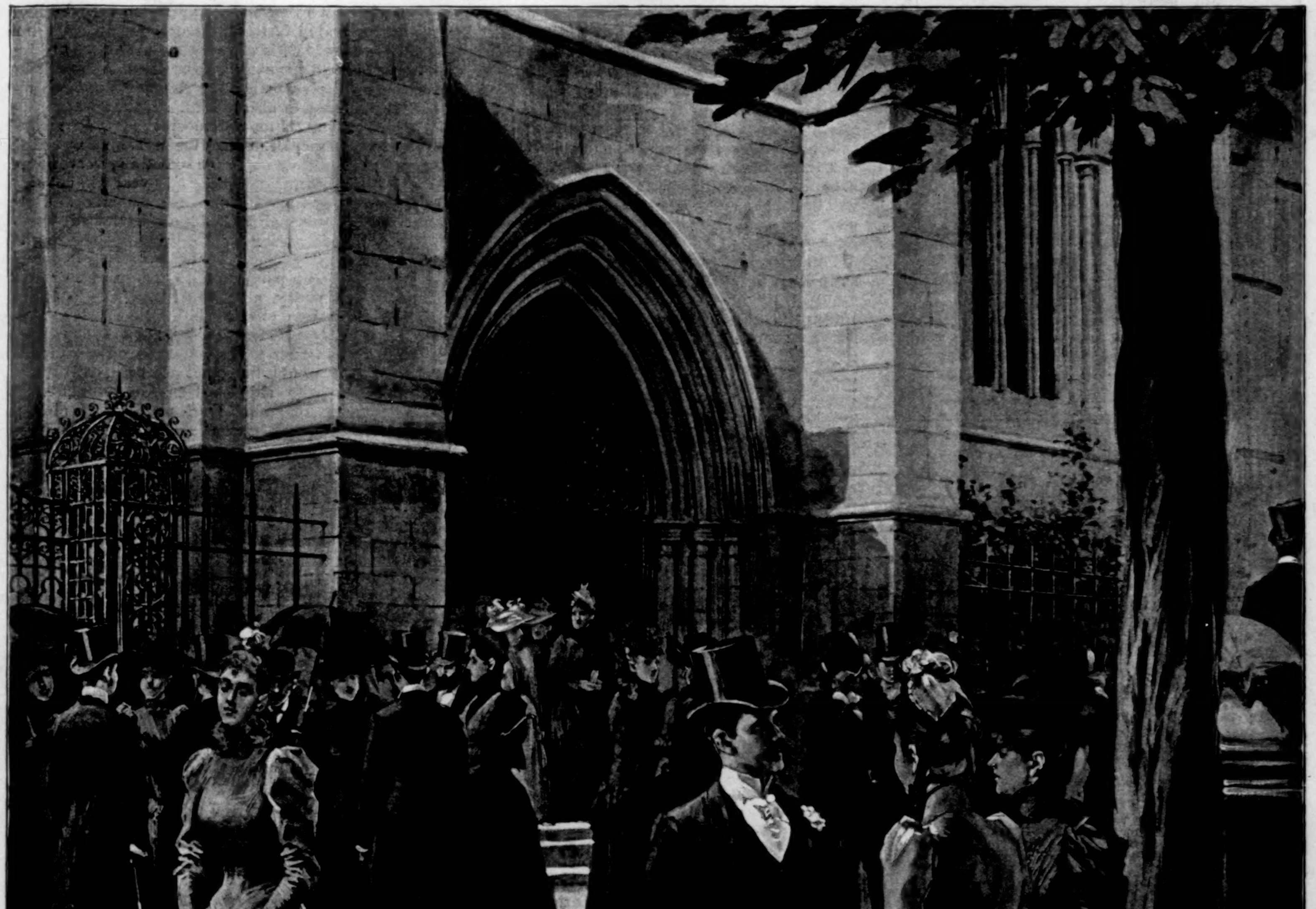

SUNDAY FORENOON AT THE AMERICAN CHURCH (AVENUE DE L'ALMA), PARIS.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 998.]

HARPER'S BAZAR.

1891.

Harper's Bazar, issued weekly, enters upon its twenty-fourth volume in 1891. Retaining all the features which have hitherto distinguished it, and adding others of unique attractiveness, it will not hesitate to claim precedence as the **leading home journal for women in the world.**

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To the needle-woman HARPER'S BAZAR will continue to give frequent designs from the Royal School of South Kensington, England, and also beautiful drawings for embroidery from the Decorative Art Society of New York, with exquisite studies by Mrs. T. W. DEWING, and by Mrs. CANDACE WHEELER, of the Associated Artists.

A brilliant series of papers by THEODORE CHILD, superbly illustrated, will describe a gallery of women in many lands and ages. AGNES B. ORMSBEE will prepare a series of great value **to young matrons,** entitled "The House Comfortable;" and JULIET CORSON has written a useful succession of essays on "Sanitary Living." Thoughtful writers will furnish articles on physical culture and social progress among women. The charming essays of Col. T. W. HIGGINSON on Women and Men will continue to appear.

Serial stories by WALTER BESANT and THOMAS HARDY will be published during the year, and a brilliant extravaganza by HOWARD PYLE, with characteristic illustrations by the author, will be an added attraction.

Short stories by MARY E. WILKINS, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, GRACE L. FURNISS, ANNA FULLER, LOUISE STOCKTON, EDWIN LASSETTER BYNNER, ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS, HERBERT D. WARD, MARION HARLAND, HAMILTON ORMSBEE, BESSIE CHANDLER, ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP, and many others will be published during 1891. Bright plays and farces will be given for the lovers of amateur theatricals.

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No. 1774.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION IN TINT, ENTITLED "ON THE CATTLE RANGE—'WHAT'S THE SHOW FOR A CHRISTMAS DINNER, CHIEF?'" DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

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THE ELECTION BILL.

THE condition of public feeling is such that it may be predicted safely that the election or force bill will not pass the Senate, unless, as we said last week, the rules are changed to admit some form of the previous question. This can be done, however, only by the consent of all the Republican Senators, and the prevention of the passage of the bill depends, therefore, upon a few such Senators. The Republican opposition to the bill, manifested less in the newspapers than in private conversation, is such that it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may be proportionably represented in the Senate, and find expression in a refusal to consent to so extraordinary a measure as a fundamental change in the rules in order to pass a particular bill, which cannot be said to be generally demanded by the Republican party, and which some eminent Republican leaders warmly disapprove. The party caucus might practically compel Republican Senators to support the bill if it were brought to a vote. But the power of the caucus to compel them to agree to change the rules is by no means the same. The right of the majority to enact laws after adequate debate is undeniable. But that the majority of the Senate approve this bill may be justly doubted.

The true ground of opposition to this legislation was not laid down by Mr. TURPIE in his opening speech. The superiority of the white race is not disputed, and the constitutionality of the act cannot be successfully contested, and there is practical ostracism of the negro at the North. But the real opposition to such a law lies in the fact that it disregards the situation, is essentially partisan, and that it must necessarily fail of its object. The true motives of proposing the law are not probably avowed, and the alleged motives may be wisely distrusted. No American would say that any citizen should be deprived of his vote. But if there were a county in Massachusetts in which the large majority were composed of men in the lowest stages of ignorance and moral irresponsibility, whose ascendency under the most reckless leadership could ruin, under forms of law, every interest of the community, some evasion of the law might be expected, not for partisan benefit or the gratification of personal ambition, but to save the interests of property and civilization itself. Immense interests of every kind are held in the Southern States by Northern owners of every party. They are in constant communication with the most intelligent citizens of those States, who have no hostility whatever to the colored people, and who know that their labor is indispensable. But while acknowledging that the colored people have been bitterly wronged and degraded, such citizens cannot agree that the wrong and degradation have fitted their victims for the proper discharge of the duties of government. The most earnest and intelligent friend of the negro in any part of the country could not contemplate with composure, in the interest either of the white or colored race, a return of the carpet-bag rule. That the colored citizen is a voter is true, and that acquiescence in the deliberate neglect of law is to be deprecated and must be ended is conceded. But where law is evaded for reasons which commend themselves to intelligent and conscientious men, evaded, as is honestly and not unreasonably believed, in the best interests of society, some other remedy than the bald and strict enforcement of the law at all hazards will be sought by those who are really bent upon the peace, harmony, and welfare of the whole community.

Thirty years ago slavery was as wrong in Alabama as in Kansas, and a man had the same right to personal liberty in South Carolina as in Massachusetts. But not for that reason did the Republican party insist upon immediate and absolute emancipation. It took counsel of the actual situation, and sought the destruction of slavery by confining it within its State limits; that was the wise and patriotic course. To-day the right of the colored citizen to vote is practically denied in some parts of the Southern States. But a law which will embitter the feeling against him a hundredfold, although it may assume to protect one of his rights, will not relieve him. Doubtless there should not be such a feeling, but can legislation prevent it? In dealing with offences against the suffrage, does statesmanship take no account of facts and circumstances? Time and education and more friendly feeling on both sides are aiding the solution of an immensely difficult question. Such suffrage provisions as those of the new Constitution of Mississippi show the disposition to make the local law conform to the situation. However honest the support of the pending bill may be, however plausible the President's statement that it aims only to protect the acknowledged equal right of every citizen, we doubt whether a great majority of intelligent Americans do not believe that the law would be a public misfortune.

A WORD IN SEASON.

MR. CLEVELAND'S letter to the Democratic Club at Canton, Ohio, reminded the rejoicing Democrats that the victory had been won by the aid of many who are not Democrats. This is a truth which has not been forgotten at the rejoicings in Massachusetts, and which cannot be too constantly borne in mind. The rueful feeling of many Democrats, to which we have already alluded, that their party was sure to make some fatal blunder before 1892, shows a consciousness of the fact to which Mr. CLEVELAND alludes, and of the extreme "independency" of the situation. The fact must be borne in mind that there is a division within the Democratic ranks which has been deepened by the result of the election. The fight with Tammany Hall was earnestly sustained by many Democrats who wished both to remove the stigma of Tammany from the party, and to show the triumph of that wing of the party which regards Mr. CLEVELAND as the representative Democrat. This hope was disappointed, and Tammany Hall and Governor HILL were exalted by the struggle. This fact is not overlooked. The Democratic organization in New York is understood to be under the control of Governor HILL, and however much or little the Democratic party at large may be disposed to follow the lead of that gentleman, and accept him as its representative, there are a great many citizens who voted for Democratic members of Congress who "do not train" with the Governor.

The new Democratic Governor of South Carolina, also, in his inaugural speech, does not command the sympathy or approval of those who do not accept everything which has the brand of party regularity. The new Governor spurns such "Jeffersonian principles" as are incorporated in the Declaration of Independence, especially the affirmation of the natural equality of men, and their endowment with certain unalienable rights. This is a truth, however, which was expressly reiterated in the Republican Chicago platform upon which ABRAHAM LINCOLN was elected. It is the best of what are called Jeffersonian principles, many of which, like those embodied in the Kentucky resolutions, are rejected by true Americans. But even this best one is repudiated by the new Democratic Governor of South Carolina, who says plainly that JEFFERSON was mistaken. That is a Democracy which will find little sympathy among those who are not within the Democratic fold. Moreover, the actual figures of the election do not show a significant change of vote. The Republican abstention is as striking a fact in the general result as any other. It is wholly disregarded, indeed, by the President in his message, and has not been remarked, apparently, by Congress. But in private nothing is more common than Republican expressions of satisfaction with the general result.

It would be very unkind in this situation for the party pot to gibe at the party kettle. The Democrat who congratulates himself upon the stupendous Democratic victory, which is largely due to votes that are not Democratic, is as much at sea as the Republican who cites the Republican "abstention" to prove that the result is not a Democratic triumph. Why did Republicans abstain? And will they cease to abstain in 1892 if the dish of 1890 is set before them? Here the Democrats have an opportunity to be wise. It depends largely upon them whether the Republican abstainers of 1890 will abstain also in 1892. If the Democratic idiocy of saying "I am a Democrat" prevails, instead of saying whether Democracy means Tammany and HILL and all that they imply, or something very different, the Republican abstainers of this year will not abstain from voting against Tammany Democracy. But the progress of our politics is not accomplished generally by parties displacing their leaders and changing their character and policy. If this were the usual course, the Republican party would have avoided an insane protection policy, a reckless pension policy, and a purely partisan election bill. It would not have mortgaged tariff legislation to great contributors, and by adhering to its own reform promises and pledges it would have put to shame civil service reformers who supported Mr. CLEVELAND. Mr. CLEVELAND sees much more plainly than most public men the great increase and power, in the present political situation, of the independent vote.

THE CRY OF THE BANSHEE.

THE attachment of the Irish party in Parliament to an utterly selfish leader was shown by the long toleration of Mr. PARNELL'S tactics for delay. He spread the net in sight of the bird, and the bird seemed disposed quietly to walk into it. His object was to induce Mr. GLADSTONE to do what he had declined to do, namely, to treat with PARNELL as the Irish leader. The resolution under which the committee waited upon Mr. GLADSTONE to ask him to state his future Irish policy was PARNELL'S resolution, and if Mr. GLADSTONE had given any such reply as was demanded, PARNELL'S victory would have been complete. But the "garrulous old gentleman," as PARNELL described him in his appeal to the Irish people, was quite as shrewd as his unscrupulous opponent, who had betrayed the most solemn confidence, and made all transaction with him impossible. Mr. GLADSTONE refused to deal directly or indirectly with PARNELL as leader, and, enraged at seeing his trick disconcerted, PARNELL insulted Mr. MCCARTHY, who pressed the real point for decision, and the rupture of the Irish party followed.

It is not possible now to see more than the mischief which PARNELL has wrought. The old fate of Ireland reappears, and another disastrous blow is dealt in the instant of apparent triumph. Irish unity at home and abroad is violently destroyed. The Irish are bitterly reviling each other. English opinion is shocked and alarmed and alienated. The embassy to America is paralyzed. PARNELL has command of the funds of the party and of the Irish press, and while he will use them and all other means with great address to secure his personal ends, he will inflame the mind of his Irish following with bitter hatred of the new Irish party, and will doubtless make some kind of overtures toward the English Tories. Should Parliament be dissolved, as is not improbable, the prestige of success with which, before the catastrophe, the English Liberals would have gone into the election will have disappeared. It was possible for no man to injure the Irish cause so deeply as PARNELL, and he has done it thoroughly.

Throughout the difficult week Mr. GLADSTONE showed no diminution of his political sagacity, no senility, no wavering. The crisis was precipitated by his letter, and his eye was not for a moment diverted from the essential point. The English alliance was shattered if PARNELL remained leader. GLADSTONE'S quiet insistence cleared the confusion, and the end came which was inevitable—the rupture of the Irish party. It is evident that PARNELL did not mean to resign nor to allow a vote of dismissal. He would dicker so long as dickering was possible. But he would remain in the chair until forcibly expelled, and then assert his right to it. The Tory encouragement which he received was transparent. He was making great trouble for Mr. GLADSTONE, and therefore he was to be sustained. But beyond the immediate event of a possible dissolution and election there remains the Irish question itself. Undoubtedly since GLADSTONE'S espousal of the cause

the fundamental obstruction—English distrust of Ireland—has been greatly modified. But an upheaval like this tends to confirm the English tradition that the Irish are a hopeless race. Thousands of Englishmen, whose minds were mellowing, have probably returned, during the recent extraordinary events, to the conclusion that it is a people wholly unfitted for its own control, and that an Irish Parliament would be a travesty of parliamentary government. Such a conclusion would be unreasonable, but it is none the less probably a general feeling. The doubting Englishman would see in an Irish Parliament PARNELL as its guiding power, and he would feel that the empire is not yet ready for that hazard.

THE SENATE AND INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE real friends of international copyright must not permit themselves to be disturbed or distracted by the last desperate efforts of its opponents. The policy of those who wish to defeat the bill will now be to suggest amendments in the Senate, in order to compel a conference between the Houses, and so to secure delay. This policy ought to be firmly and unitedly resisted. No measure was ever better understood. It has been matured after very long and frank and careful deliberation. Every friend of the measure if he consulted only his own opinion might perhaps prefer some modification. But the bill as it was passed by the House is a general and satisfactory compromise of many views, and to reopen the work of construction by the consideration of amendments would be a very serious error on the part of its friends.

Those who are familiar with the question know for how long a time the effort has been made and under what difficulties it has been prosecuted thus far to the verge of complete success. There has been a reconciliation of seemingly irreconcilable interests and views, and the general result is satisfactory. Let there now be among its friends a wholesome and persistent distrust of the Greeks bringing gifts. Practically those who would delay the passage of the bill by amendments, however plausible, must be regarded as enemies of international copyright. We do not believe that any judicious friend of the measure would encourage delay. But those who are not familiar with the practical difficulties of legislation may be led in entire good faith to think some change desirable. It is those honest friends who must be on their guard against those who are not honest friends of this great measure. The bill has passed the House, the Senate has shown already its friendly disposition. The most tenacious opponent in the Senate of the measure, Senator BECK, is gone, and his successor, Mr. CARLISLE, is friendly. If the friends of the bill present a united and undoubting front its success may be considered certain.

We call it a great measure, for such a law, securing within a league of countries a right of this kind which is conceded within each of the separate countries, is a gain for civilization. It cannot be doubted that the consciousness of the protection of the admitted right of an author over a larger territorial area is in itself a happy stimulus. For this country it has an especial value, for as it chances that our national language is that of an older nation rich in a historic literature and in contemporaneous literary activity, we are peculiarly exposed, without proper provision, to the repression of our own literary production and the subjugation of our thought by the literature of another country. All that the American author asks is the fair play which he is willing to grant to the author of every other land. He asks only that the European author shall not be preferred by our laws, but that the world be challenged to a just emulation. This is the end sought by the international copyright bill which is on the point of becoming law if its friends are wise.

REFORM UNDER TWO ADMINISTRATIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT in Jefferson, Wisconsin, asks if we are not unfair toward the present administration as compared with the last in regard to civil service reform, especially in the post-office department. If our correspondent will recur to former volumes of the WEEKLY, he will find that while holding Mr. CLEVELAND to be honestly friendly to reform, we yet spoke plainly of the failure of his administration consistently to conform to reform principles, and we did not suppose nor intimate that Mr. VILAS or Mr. DICKINSON, the Postmasters-General of that administration, were personally more friendly to reform than Postmaster-General WANAMAKER and his late lieutenant, CLARKSON, who despise reform, and have plainly shown their contempt for it both in profession and practice.

The National Reform League in 1887 expressed the general feeling of reformers in saying of the CLEVELAND administration that it could not be called, in the sense in which the league understood the words, a reform administration. It did, undoubtedly, some things, such as the reappointment of Mr. PEARSON as postmaster in the strong Democratic hold of the country, which were quite beyond the standard of any administration since that of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS. But this act, we are aware, was open to the unjust imputation that it was the mugwump share of spoils. Our friend will find, however, that the independent press dealt fairly with the CLEVELAND administration upon this subject, although the tone of its censure was undoubtedly affected by its personal confidence in the good faith of the President.

Our correspondent must remember, also, that while the Democratic party was known to be hostile to the reform, and while its platform was studiously silent, the Republicans in nominating Mr. HARRISON vociferously claimed to be the party of reform, and promised its extension wherever it was applicable, and the observance of its spirit beyond the requirements of the law, while Mr. HARRISON confirmed the party declaration by the most solemn personal pledges. Under such circumstances the performances of Messrs. WANAMAKER and CLARKSON deserve unsparing condemnation, and leave them, politically speaking, in a thoroughly dishonorable position. There was never in our history a grosser violation of distinct promises and pledges than the partisan devastation of the post-offices under this administration.

"CURIOSITIES OF THE AMERICAN STAGE."

To read Mr. LAURENCE HUTTON'S delightful and handsome volume upon *Curiosities of the American Stage* (HARPERS) is like chatting in the most charming corner of the Players Club with an *habitué* of the theatre who lays upon his hearer the romantic spell of the stage. There is something pathetic in the universal kindly feeling for the players, whether of high or low degree, or of no degree at all. Is it an instinct of gratitude to those who would gladly be our benefactors, and who devote their lives to our entertainment? Or is our feeling for actors due to the fact that the stage is the daily and permanent reminder of an ideal life, or at least a life of gentler conditions than that of our experience?

Mr. HUTTON writes with the zest of one admitted *ad eundem* in the lore and tradition of the theatre. He belongs to a class of interpreters among whom CHARLES LAMB is eminent, and of whom in this country GULIAN C. VERPLANCK is well remembered. There are essays of LAMB which have undoubtedly developed if they have not wholly inspired in many minds a taste for the play. How charming his chat would have been in the interval of happy suspense before the rising of the curtain, accompanied, perhaps, by the overture to *The Caliph of Bagdad* or *Tancredi* from the little orchestra beneath the foot-lights! The reminiscences of Mr. HUTTON are in that pleasant key. Before the play begins he fills the scene with those who once fascinated our fathers. He bodies forth in visible presence those who have become names merely. It is not a censor who speaks, it is the kind friend and annalist.

Mr. HUTTON'S book is a vivid survey of the world of the American theatre for many a year. It accords with the happy Christmas season. We turn the pages, and, like the boy at home for the holidays, we go to the play, and the actual boy, reading the book, goes also to the play we knew. The familiar figures of a half-century and more pass before our eyes—a motley company, from the refined ELLEN TREE moving with classic grace in *Ion*, to DAN RICE jumping Jim Crow. There is a fac-simile of an old "Park" play-bill, and portraits of hosts of the players, and a continuous stream of thoughtful and sympathetic comment. It is not, however, as we might seem to imply, a chapter of mere recollections. It is a view of certain aspects of stage life—the negro minstrels, the burlesque, the Hamlets, and others. But it is all touched with the same charm, and it is a delightful addition to the literature of the stage.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Punch's heroic preventive for railway accidents, namely, to fasten a director of the company to the cow-catcher, expresses happily the exasperation with which, in certain vital particulars, the companies are regarded. One of the most constant and flagrant incentives of this feeling is the inability to ascertain the causes of delays and the details of accidents, and the absolute contempt for passengers displayed by railroad agents at times when curiosity is painfully excited. A recent correspondent of the *Evening Post* complains of the refusal of information to waiting passengers at stations where there are interminable delays in the departure and arrivals of local trains, and demands that bulletins shall be posted from time to time that passengers shall not waste hours in anxious and annoying doubt.

There are, indeed, sometimes bulletins of the regularity of the running of trains, which announce whether they are on time or behind time. But the delays of local trains—in which there is the chief interest—are not known, as the correspondent feelingly sets forth. The sudden stoppage of a train on the road, also, is usually attended with the simultaneous disappearance of the responsible officers; and whether it is "a hot box," or a break of the machinery, or of the road, or an accident to another train, or whatever may be the cause, is information which is not vouchsafed to the passengers, whose minds are probably supposed to be overflowing with gratitude that they are still alive to wonder what the dickens is to pay.

Such complaints of railroad management are so reasonable and so easily avoided that it is surprising they must still be made. After many years, and an accumulation of experience which one would think might have suggested such an arrangement long ago, bureaus of information have been established in some stations. Hitherto the general rule seems to have been that passengers paid for their tickets, which entitled them to transportation at the pleasure of the company, and nothing more. They were not entitled to information, and questions of every kind were sheer impertinence. Indeed nothing but the gracious goodness of the companies probably prevented the immediate incarceration of curious and inquisitive passengers. Like children in severe old-fashioned households, passengers should be seen but not heard. Occasional bureaus of information have now been established, and after a few more years, if passengers are good, the bureaus of information will perhaps inform.

AN ANCIENT FRIENDSHIP.

AT this season, when the hearts of all New-Englanders instinctively and reverently turn to Plymouth Rock, it is well for them to remember the action of the Congregational Club of Boston a few months ago. The club resolved that it was high time the hospitality of the free republic of Holland to the Pilgrim Fathers was acknowledged by their children, and that a suitable memorial of the ancient amity between Holland and the Pilgrims should be erected at Delftshaven, or port of Delft, on the river Maas, where the *Speedwell* lay.

The Pilgrims came by canal from Leyden to Delftshaven, and there JOHN ROBINSON bade them farewell, and gave them his benediction in the faith that there was more truth yet to break forth from God's Word. The government of the Netherlands has expressed the heartiest sympathy and desire of co-operation in so good a work, and our Minister to Holland, Hon. SAMUEL R. THAYER, has looked over the ground, which belongs to the city of Rotterdam, to which Delftshaven has been annexed. The river, on which is a constant passage of vessels, sweeps around the town in such a manner that over the lowland the memorial could be seen in every direction far away.

A costly monument is not proposed. But a few thousands of dollars would provide one in every way suitable, and all money for the purpose sent to Mr. FRANK WOOD, the treasurer, 352 Washington Street, Boston, will be held for the national association which will have charge of the work. Rev. Dr. STORRS warmly commended the project in his noble oration on the Puritan spirit, and its propriety will need no argument to the mind of any son of the Pilgrims. The Dutch and New England societies have long exchanged compliments in recognition of this old friendship. That old Dutch hospitality is one of the most beautiful incidents in history, and if the feeling which prompts the compliment should erect the memorial, it would be a most happy sequel.

PERSONAL.

THE Institute of Artist-Artisans, in New York city, has long since passed from the period of experiment into that of acknowledged success, and under the superintendency of JOHN WARD STIMSON is continually developing new usefulness and strength. An architectural department has been added to the branches already opened, under able specialists, and WILLIAM HAMILTON GIBSON, the well-known artist and author, has taken charge of the department of illustration and design. A co-operative fund, started by leading guilds and citizens, has brought in substantial aid to a cause which may well recommend itself to the benevolent and philanthropic.

—The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce on November 28th passed a resolution tendering a vote of thanks to Mr. CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER "as a testimonial of its appreciation of his fair and candid statement of the facts concerning southern California," as contained in the series of articles now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE. Of the article in the December number, "The Winter of our Content," the San Diego *Union* says: "It is the first description of southern California climate which, so far as the *Union* now recalls, has ever emanated from an Eastern pen which did adequate justice to the subject, and at the same time rose to the dignity of a finished literary production."

—HANNIBAL HAMLIN is credited with having such an aversion to music that he will never, if he can avoid it, go into a church until after the opening musical exercises are concluded. In spite of this, he has a great fondness for dancing.

—Dr. LEONARD WOOLSEY BACON, of New Haven, created a sensation recently by endorsing from his pulpit the new $10,000 theatre in that town. He alleged as his reason for his commendation the changes from former times in the theatre itself, its plays, and its *personnel*, and concluded by a welcome to the new theatre and a hope for its success.

—The widow of MARK LEMON, once editor of the London *Punch*, has just died, after having survived her husband for twenty years.

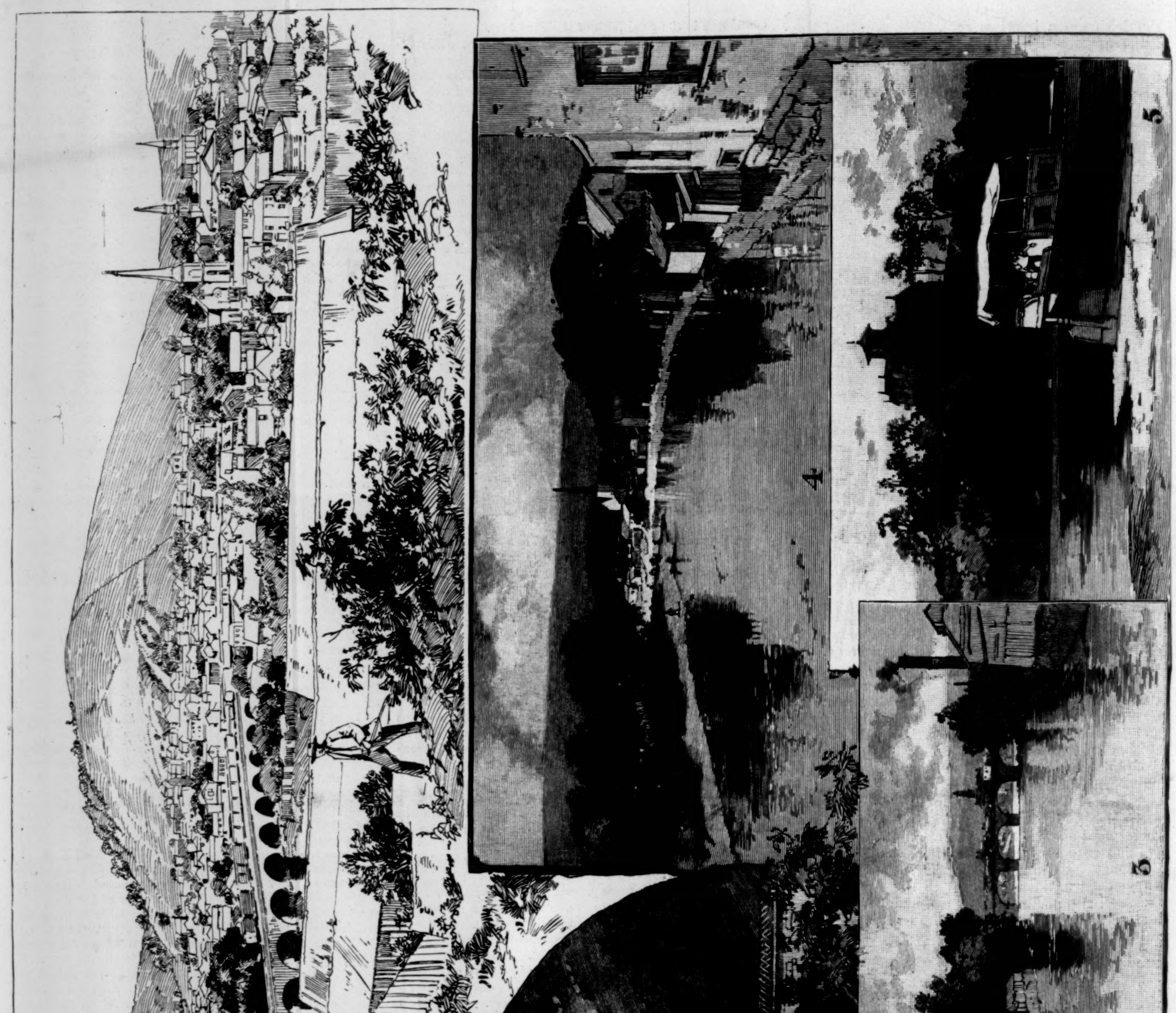
—Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON has settled for the winter at Cheltenham, England, where she is said to be engaged in writing a novel. Her winter of travel in the East furnished her with material which she has worked up into sketches and short stories, which will appear during the coming months.

—The death is announced of LIONEL, the elder son of Dr. S. M. and Mrs. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, and the brother of the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy. He died in Paris, of consumption, the result of an attack of la grippe from which he suffered last winter while in Washington. He was taken abroad in the hope of saving his life, and was at a health resort in Silesia until the cold weather came.

—An ardent tree-planter is JOAQUIN MILLER, who has already set out more than 20,000 trees in the vicinity of his home, "The Heights," near Oakland, California. Not until he has satiated his taste for tree-planting does he intend to return to literary work.

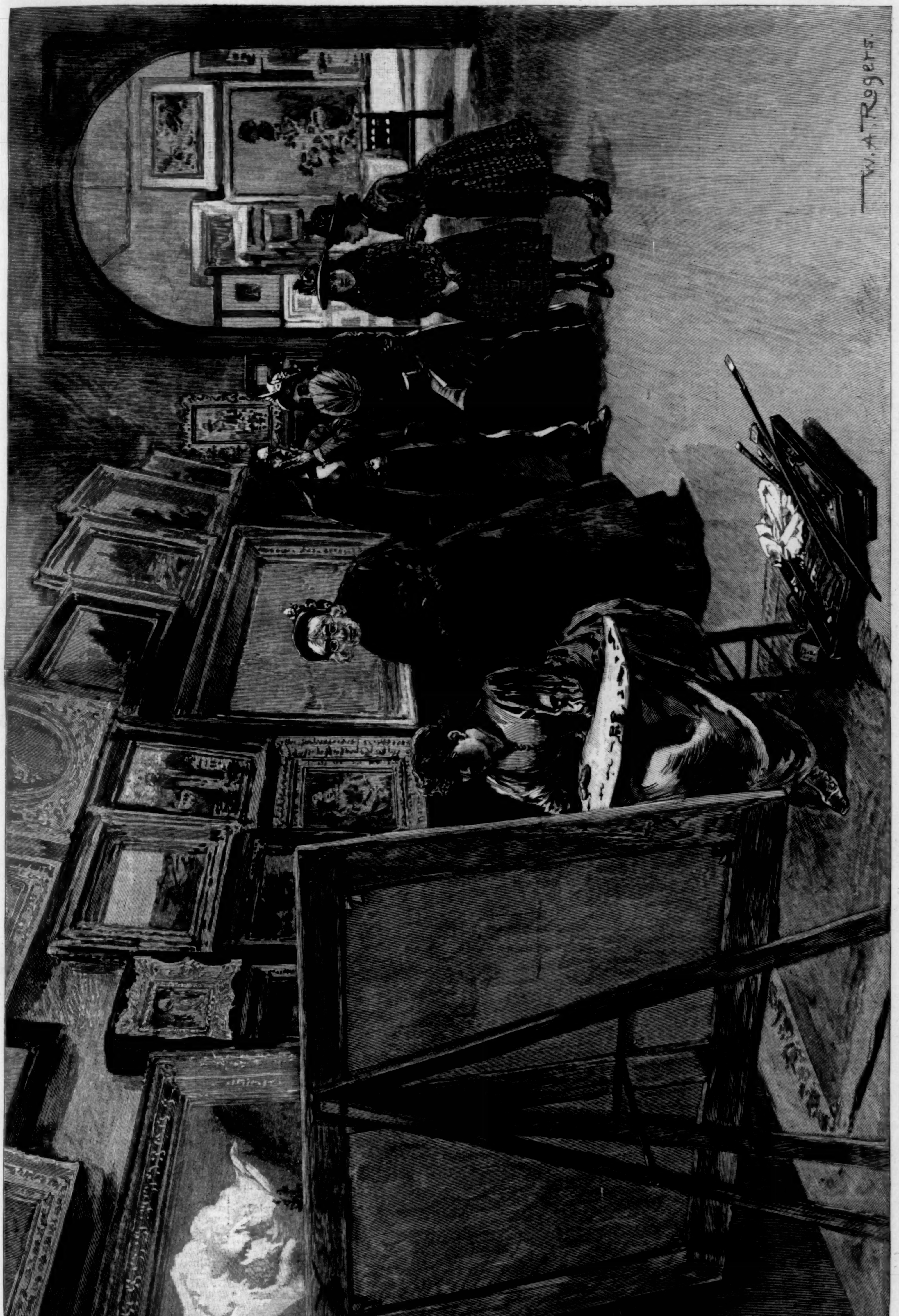
—Mr. WILLIAM HENRY BISHOP has entered upon his third year of European residence, and does not seem disposed to curtail his stay. He is now living in Verona, in the Palazzina Giusti.

—A singular piece of treasure-trove was discovered the other day by Mr. ADDISON, of Fairfax Court House, Virginia. In the hoof of one of his cows he found imbedded a gold ring in which is set a stone carved with the American shield and an inscription. On the inside of the ring was engraved, "H. J. Hunt, Worth's Division." It proved to be a ring made for the late General HUNT when in Mexico at the close of the war with that country, and lost by him during the first battle of Bull Run. The ring has been restored to General HUNT'S family.



THE CITY OF CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 990.]

1. Bit of the City, looking southeast from the Bluff. 2. Turnpike Bridge, Wills Creek, in the "Narrows." 3. Distant View looking east down Wills Creek. 4. The Banks of the River, Wills Creek. 5. A picturesque Home on the Potomac.



THE CINCINNATI MUSEUM OF ART—AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 990.]

THE QUEEN CITY OF THE ALLEGHANIES.

CUMBERLAND is the second largest town in Maryland, and has 13,000 inhabitants, which is an increase of 5000 in the past two decades. Before the era of railroads Cumberland was known to the rest of the world by reason of its being the eastern terminus of the great National Road, and the western end of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Now it is quite a railroad centre, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and the Pennsylvania Railway both having stations there, and half a dozen other roads besides; so that the changes in this little city which nestles in the fastnesses of the Alleghany Mountains have been comparatively as great during the past fifty years as in other American towns. The late Mr. John W. Garrett christened it the "Queen City of the Alleghanies," and the people of Cumberland liked this designation and have adopted it. The location is most picturesque. The town is built on the North Branch of the Potomac River, at the mouth of Wills Creek, which runs through the city.

The streets are wide, and laid off with as much regularity as the topography of the site will admit. Baltimore Street divides the northern and southern sections, and Centre Street the eastern and western. Baltimore Street is the business thoroughfare, and on it are located the banks, the Windsor and other hotels, the post-office, newspaper offices, and scores of other business houses. A number of the chief mercantile houses, however, are on Centre Street and the other streets which intersect Baltimore Street. At the eastern end of Baltimore Street, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad tracks separate the street from the thoroughfare known as Baltimore Avenue, on which have been built many fine residences and substantial homes. The Pennsylvania Railroad tracks and the tracks of several other roads separate Baltimore Street from Washington Street, which might be called the Fifth Avenue of Cumberland, as it is the centre of fashion, and on it are located the finest residences of the city. This part of the town is very hilly, and upon the knolls and in the hollows have been built rows of beautiful homes. Westward from the bridge, which is also a dividing line between the residence and business portions of the city, is Fort Hill, upon which the ivy-covered Episcopal church stands out prominently, and just across from this is the First Presbyterian Church, a stately granite structure.

The chief product of this section is coal. The celebrated Cumberland coal takes its name from this city, which is the chief entrepôt and point of shipment to the seaboard. As a steam coal, this is said to be the finest in the United States, and this claim has been established by tests made by a board of United States army engineers and naval officers. It is an unsulphuretted carbon, semi-bituminous, and free from impurities, and the supply is practically inexhaustible. Cumberland without question enjoys excellent opportunities for trade. There are already established there flour-mills and iron-furnaces, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company has there an extensive factory for the manufacture of steel rails. The hydraulic cement made there is of well-known merit, and is noted for the energy of its action, while it will admit of a greater admixture of sand than any other cement yet made. Fire-clay for the making of fire-brick abounds in the locality, and within the measures of the Cumberland coal fields there are eight veins of pure fire-clay, having an aggregate thickness of 53 feet 7 inches, besides other deposits in the neighboring counties of Pennsylvania. The making of fire-brick at Cumberland is an industry becoming more extensive every year.

A new region of country has recently been opened to Cumberland by the construction of the West Virginia Central Railway. This road runs through the forests of West Virginia, which abound with white and yellow pine and poplar, together with the hard-woods, such as walnut, cherry, and maple. Great quantities of these woods are constantly coming over the new line to Cumberland, and it is quite possible that this mountain town will soon be a most considerable place for the manufacture of furniture. The people there have an abiding faith in the future of the town as a great manufacturing centre.

The town takes its name from that Fort Cumberland which was such an important station on the frontier when the Virginia and Maryland colonists were menaced by the French and their Indian allies prior to the great war which separated the colonists from England and enlisted the French in their cause. Braddock in his brave advance marched through this fort on his way to his death, and upon this Washington retreated after the ambuscade and disastrous defeat of the British army. In Thackeray's charming romance *The Virginians*, young Warrington, after escaping from his Indian captors, finds that there was quite a gathering of English settlers at Fort Cumberland.

But the town of Cumberland was not incorporated until 1787, when thirty-five families dwelt there. Even after its incorporation the town was for a while called "Washington Town," but its legal name finally stuck to it, and the town became important as the fort declined. The land on which Cumberland is now built was known prior to the incorporation of the town as "Walnut Bottom," and was bought about twenty years before that by Thomas Beall for $1407 10. The names of Beall, Bruce, Hoffman, Wiley, Lowdermilk, and Lynn are found frequently in the early annals of the town, and these names are still prominent in the business and social life of the neighborhood.

AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT.

IT is a familiar sight in the magnificent art galleries of the Continent to see a student of art seated, with easel and canvas and palette, before one of the great paintings, endeavoring to reproduce the color and general effect of the master. The cities of Europe are filled with the works of painters whose names are known all over the world, while their brushes and the hands that wielded them have been laid away for centuries. Comparatively few of the old masters have found their way to this country, although the store grows richer year by year, and no artist regards his or her education as finished until they have paid a visit to the various galleries of art of the Old World. But, notwithstanding, there are hundreds of earnest students all over this land who avail themselves of the advantages which were denied to others of their class not many years ago. The art collections of America have grown with each succeeding year, and many rare examples are to be found in private and public galleries, all of which serve as a guide to the novice and student in art. Many great painters have also lived within the short history of America, and their masterpieces are to be found in the galleries of their native land, although a few of them have been carried to other countries, and the works of these Americans are an incentive and aid to the young beginner. There are some who lack the power of originality and imagination which goes toward the making of a great painter, but who nevertheless possess the touch and eye of the true artist, and are content to be known as "copyists." This class is to be found in greater numbers abroad, where a wider scope is given them in which to exercise their particular talent; but other artists ofttimes reproduce a great picture in order to appreciate the detail of color and drawing which the master knew and exercised so well.

The scene illustrated by Mr. Rogers in his drawing on page 989 is one in the art gallery in Cincinnati. The fair student is evidently ambitious to copy some work that is great in point of size at least, judging from the breadth of canvas that reposes on the easel before her. The palette which she holds is also in keeping with the picture. She has passed by the smaller paintings that hang all about the room, and concentrates her talents upon the larger work. It requires patience, as well as genius, to reproduce a painting of such dimensions, and it is well to find the element of patience in the student, who is usually anxious to win money and fame at the cost of as little time as possible. The group in the background are deeply interested in the work of the artist, which is evidently a revelation to them. The old farmer, judging by his looks, probably regards the value of a picture by its size, and in this case looks upon the work as something wonderful. It is a new experience for him and his family, and they stand at a respectful distance from the ambitious student, who works on apparently unconscious of her interested spectators.

A COW-BOY'S CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE 25th of December, 188-, greeted Dick Rainbolt with a pink dawn and a zero temperature as, opening the door of the dugout at the horse camp, he gazed forth upon the bleak plains. The sky was clear, the frost sharp, and a light snow was sifted over the prairie. Three miles away the smoke rolled upward from the chimney at the home ranch, suggesting warmth and breakfast within-doors. The cow-boy decided that the day would be bright and cold. It was not with a holiday feeling that this solitary horse-wrangler surveyed the scene, for the day brought for him a ride of uncertain duration and certain discomfort. When he had rounded up the saddle band the night before, Fox, the red Texas horse, was missing, and Dick was at a loss which way to search for him. Pending a decision on that point, he went to the board shanty that served as a stable, and fed corn and hay to his roan mustang Ginger. Then he came back to the dugout, started a fire in the little rusty cooking stove, and set to preparing breakfast.

From a large piece of beef that hung from a hook against the wall he cut some slices, which soon sizzled in the frying-pan; a fragrant steam curled up from the tin coffee-pot; and Dick laid upon the table a tin plate, a tin cup, a tomato can containing sugar, and some biscuits that he had baked the night before. As he fell to eating, he directly faced one of the many pictures clipped from illustrated papers that adorned the wall; it portrayed a merry Christmas scene, with a happy family group seated about a table from which a once rotund goose was going off, and mince-pies and a plum-pudding were coming on.

Dick vaguely approved the sentiment of the picture, which inspired in him no longings or sentimental recollections. His thoughts were drawn to the nearest cow town, twenty miles away.

"I'd like to be in Dreiveberg City to-day," they ran. "There'll be eggnog on every bar 'n the place, 'n' the boys 'll be shootin' up the town afore sundown. It 'll be too good luck for me if I round up that cussed horse in time to strike the home ranch by starlight. Ginger'll bounce me some this mornin', for he's allus fightin' mad at first mountin' on a day like this."

Breakfast over, Dick pulled on his shaggy *chaperajos*, buckled on his spurs and cartridge belt, pushed the heavy revolver into its scabbard, and pulled his wide-brimmed hat well upon his head, and tied it on by a string passed under his chin. He led Ginger from the stable, bridled him, fitted upon his back the heavy saddle, with its high horn and cantle and rope coiled at side, and drew the sinches tight. That frosty mustang submitted to the operation quietly, but an ominous white light was in the corner of his eye, which indicated that he was only waiting. As his master swung into the saddle the steed met the movement by lowering his head between his knees and going straight upward in the air, landing stiff-legged with a shock that would have hurt more than the feelings of an unpractised rider who had succeeded in accompanying the steed in its return to earth.

With undismayed hopefulness Ginger went aloft again and again, accompanying the proceeding with all the whirling, plunging, and sunfishing of an accomplished bucker, ending with a runaway dash, in which his rider, who sat the back of his steed loosely and easily during all its gyrations, took an active part with his quirt, or Mexican riding-whip. Both horse and rider regarded this performance as amicable and a matter of course, and were equally satisfied to have it over and done with. His conscience acquitted in the matter of having made due protest, Ginger settled down into docility for the rest of the day, and a willing readiness to unravel as many miles of prairie as his master should set him to do.

Having made a circuit to inspect the horses of the saddle band, Dick rode to the main ranch-house. There were several wagons before the door, and within the house the teamsters were seated, amid a cloud of tobacco smoke, in the comfortable warmth of the great cooking range, and with them three or four cow-boys who during the idle winter days were "rustling" their board and lodgings from camp to camp in the cattle region. Dick made his way through the group, and pulling off his gloves, warmed his hands at the range.

The red-faced, sturdy cook, bustling and clattering amid pots and pans, found time to accost him: "Howdy, Dick? You're comin' roun' to dinner, of course. The boys brought in some venison 'n' two wild turkeys yesterday, 'n' we're goin' to have a puddin' with oodles of plums. I'm makin' a reg'lar Christmas lay-out for the boys to-day, 'n' no mistake."

"Goin' over to Perego's to-night, Dick?" chimed in one of the cow-boys. "Pete Hardy 'll be there with his fiddle, 'n' there'll be dancin'. We're all a-goin', you bet!"

"Hell knows!" said Dick. "I've got that cussed Fox to find afore I can go anywhere. He's mean enough ter stay out a-hidin' jest ter keep me out o' my fun."

Learning nothing at the home ranch concerning the missing animal, Dick made up his mind that if Fox had strayed to the south the line riders would find and hold him, and that he should therefore shape his search to the north toward the Indian reservation. Leaving the ranch, with its warmth and promise of Christmas cheer, he rode away in the freezing air.

The cow-boy took his way northward along the crest of the east ridge, commanding a wide view of prairie, carefully scanning the bare landscape on either hand as he rode. In hollows and against southern slopes little bunches of cattle were feeding; here and there some distant moving speck on the brown plain drew him a mile or two to right or left before he could satisfy himself that it was something else than the lost horse. Occasionally he slapped his sides and kicked his stirrups to warm himself, and several times tried his revolver in distant shots at a hawk or an eagle perched on a hummock, or a coyote feeding on the carcass of some pilgrim (Texas steer) that had succumbed to the unaccustomed severity of the Northern winter. The sun, as it got high, warmed the air somewhat, but when that luminary was at the meridian Fox was still undiscovered.

Dick came within sight of some tepees on the Sioux Reservation. He was hungry enough to make the thought of the home ranch, the boys about the fire, and the Christmas cheer upon the table a very attractive picture. He did not once think of shirking his duty, which he knew was to ride upon the reservation and look for the lost horse in the Indian pony herd.

"There's a smart chance," he reflected, "that Fox has strayed up among the Injuns' ponies, or, likelier still, some of the young bucks have driven him in from the range. If that's so, he's mighty apt to be a lost hoss unless I cut him out in a hurry."

A band of wild-looking ponies with shaggy manes and tails were feeding against a slope, but among them Dick could see nothing of Fox. The horse-wrangler's disposition was not captious, but hunger was making sad inroads on his good temper, and his unfavorable comments upon the attributes of the missing Fox were profuse and unorthodox. It was now well past noon, and he could not, in any event, expect to get back to the horse camp before dark.

From a sheltered hollow, through which lay a deep *coulée*, or dry watercourse, with occasional pools, rose the curling smoke spires from a group of Indian tepees.

"I'll be hungry enough to eat my saddle afore I strike white settlements ag'in," he thought. "I'm mighty empty now, but I'll try for a show o' grub among the Injuns. Thar's some firewood afore that lodge, 'n' p'r'aps they've got sunthin' ter eat."

No human beings were in sight, but a canine uproar resounded through the camp as he rode up to the tepee and shouted. Dogs barked within, and an Indian, his face beaming with grease and benignity, parted the flap of the wigwam and looked curiously out. Dick could not talk Sioux, and made his request in plain English.

"What's the show for a Christmas dinner?" he asked.

The Indian, who understood nothing of what he said, smirked, nodded vigorously, and motioned for his visitor to alight. The cow-boy passed the loop of his rope about his horse's neck, took one end in his hand, and entered the tepee. Over a little fire in the centre of the lodge simmered a large iron kettle, from which came the savory smell of boiling meat. Pieces of agency beef hung overhead, and upon mats and skins spread on the ground were seated, cross-legged, two squaws and several bright-eyed children, with dogs innumerable curled up among them.

Mr. Frederic Remington, who knew Dick, made a drawing of this cow-boy and his steed in the Indian village, which appears in the double-page illustration of this week's Supplement, and can be trusted to be a faithful representation of the scene.

Dick's eyes were at once taken with the appearance of the younger squaw, a demure and comely Indian maiden, with red paint on her cheeks, attired in a buckskin gown adorned with yellow ochre, a necklace of blue glass beads, and moccasins trimmed with porcupine quills and beads. Squatted upon his heels despite of spurs, he stared at the girl with high approval, while the other occupants of the tepee lounged indifferent, with a furtive eye on the stranger. Silver or gold had he none, nor greenbacks, as an offering, so, as a tribute of admiration and a means of paying indirectly for his prospective dinner, he drew from his inside shirt pocket a small circular mirror—a cherished possession—and handed it to the young squaw, who accepted it with a smile, and gazed into its depths with placid contentment. Dick was not too enamored to be very glad when the elder squaw took the kettle off the fire, and with a ladle fished out the meat, which had been cut into small pieces, and laid it upon a large woven grass platter. Without further ceremony every person present fell to eating, using fingers for forks, and sharp white teeth for knives.

Dick found the meat to be tender and well flavored, and he ate his portion with a will. The meal ended when there was no more to eat, and then the cow-boy, who had staid by the platter to the finish, cut up a pipeful of tobacco, and passed the huge slab of navy plug over to the master of the wigwam. That worthy host nodded, grunted, and producing a brier-wood pipe, filled it, and then, in a matter-of-course way, slipped the piece of tobacco out of sight behind him.

"Well, you're a cool un!" remarked Dick, as his tobacco disappeared. "It's big luck I loaded my pipe afore I passed the plug. I'd want my hat tied on, 'n' my belt 'n' spurs well buckled, ter stay where you were."

The cow-boy did not lay the loss of his tobacco to heart, but grew genial, and wishing to express his satisfaction with the recent meal, he pointed to the fragments of the feast, and inquired by signs what kind of meat it was. He imitated the squealing of a pig, the bleating of a sheep, and the frolicking of a calf, to the astonishment and then the amusement of his entertainers, who were apparently divided in opinion as to whether their visitor was a mild lunatic, or was a comedian endeavoring to requite their hospitality by a pantomime entertainment.

At last the purport of his guest's inquiries dawned upon the Indian host, who broke into smiles, and bobbed his head repeatedly. "Bow-wow-wow, yap-yap," he said, and wagged his finger in imitation of a flexible tail. A disheartening suspicion smote Dick, whose jaw fell visibly, and a look of blank dismay took the place of the satisfied expression that he had worn since he had eaten. It did not help the matter when the elder squaw, to indicate the extent of the hospitality they had shown him, held up a plump puppy for his inspection; and the Indian maiden ended all comforting doubt by reaching beneath the side of the tepee and pulling into view the skin, with head and paws attached, of what had recently been a plump and happy young dog.

Dick gasped, and smoked hard. "If I'd known afore as much as I do now," was his mental comment, "I'd have missed one Christmas dinner in my life."

He did not trust himself with reminiscences of the repast, but tried to bend his mind upon futurity.

The cow-boy, who knew the amiable frailties of the red man's nature respecting horse-flesh, had not once laid down the end of his rope, by means of which he could control his steed, and keep informed of its movements. Something about the rope suddenly

struck him as wrong, and pulling aside the flap of the lodge, he looked out. Ginger, led by a young Indian, was disappearing among the tepees, while another youthful brave held over his shoulder the rope, which he was working in faithful imitation of the motions of a tethered horse. The owner appeared on the scene none too soon.

"Drop that!" he shouted, as, with swift step, he reached the horse's head and caught the bridle-rein, shoving the thief aside with a force that landed him on his back. The cow-boy's eyes were blazing, and his hand was at the butt of his pistol. A shot would have cost him his life, but at every risk his horse should not be taken from him without a fight to the death. But the fallen warrior uprose without anger, and the two young braves confronted the indignant cow-boy, wholly unabashed, and smiling like men of Christian conduct, who, doing their work not to be seen of men, had been detected in the secret commission of some good act.

"How?" they said, extending their hands in friendly greeting—an overture which Dick ignored.

Black eyes were peeping from the flaps and round the sides of the surrounding lodges, and the two young Indians, walking away with an assumption of unconcern, were greeted by the on-lookers with laughter and jeers over the failure of their laudable scheme for plunder and renown.

Dick thought it high time to go. He looked into the lodge, said "How?" shook hands with his host and hostess, and winked at the young squaw. He tightened the sinches, mounted Ginger, and threaded his way among the tepees toward the west ridge, intending to continue his search for the stray horse as he rode homeward.

He had left the Indian village behind, and was skirting the side of the declivity that fell into the *coulée*. Through the air resounded a whinny which seemed to come from the bowels of the earth. Ginger turned his head and gave an answering whicker. Something in the neigh impressed Dick as familiar, and tracing the sound to its source, he discovered in a pocket basin opening into the *coulée* a tumble-down—or tumble-in—dugout made by some trapper or buffalo hunter in days long past. The upper part of the door was gone, and through the aperture appeared the red head and sorrel top of the missing Fox, as that truant animal neighed a joyous welcome to Ginger.

"Well, I'll be d——d!" said Dick. "If ever there was nigger luck, it's my finding you here. Didn't the varmints put that job up slick? I'll have you out o' thar, too, quick."

No Indian was in sight. The cow-boy rode to the dugout, put his rope about Fox's neck, kicked down the poles that propped the shattered door, and led the unexpectedly recovered steed behind Ginger up the ravine to its head, and thence southwardly over the hill.

His first movement as he came again in view of the village was to dodge the whistling sound of a bullet near his head. He turned in time to see the smoke puff as a second shot came from among the tepees; and others followed, until the Indian firing had evidently emptied the magazine of his repeating rifle. The bullets cut the air to the right and left of the cow-boy, sung above his head, and ploughed the ground about him, but none struck him. The situation offered no temptation to linger, and Dick put distance as rapidly as possible between himself and the village. He felt safe from pursuit, as he had seen no saddle-horses in the village.

Soon he became aware of a new-comer upon the scene. A yearling Indian pony had attached himself to the outfit.

"Go back, you cayuse, I don't want yer; yer don't b'long ter me."

The command and the gesture that accompanied it were full of forbearance, and the cow-boy chuckled as he kept his course, with the pony following.

The wintry sunlight was changing to darkness as he became aware of another rider a mile away on his right, proceeding in the same direction with himself. As the two worked nearer each other, Dick identified the traveller as Bob Maynard, a cow-boy and flash rider employed on an adjacent ranch. They exchanged signals of recognition in the distance, and joined company.

"I'm goin' over to Perego's," said Bob, presently. "Ain't yer comin' along?"

"I've got to take this stock to the home corral," said Dick; and told his companion briefly how he had recaptured the stray horse at the Indian camp; but he did not enlarge on the hospitality he had lately received.

"What Maverick pony's this tailin' on behind?"

"He came after me, 'n' I couldn't drive him back," said Dick, with a grin.

"I reckon you ain't tryin' very hard to git rid of him," said Bob. "You'd better come over to Perego's. There's lots of room for yer stock in his corral."

Dick shook his head; but good resolution was wavering, and after they had come to the fork of the trails he and Bob still kept their way undivided. Beyond a ridge of the prairie there blazed in view, like a lamp at sea, the light from Perego's, and as the two cow-boys drew near the house their blood quickened at the sounds from the kitchen of the strong tread of feet moving to the merry squeak of a fiddle, and the loud talk and guffaws of a group of cow-boys carousing in the cross-roads store. Along the lee of the corral fence a line of saddled and bridled horses stamped and shivered. Dick and Bob drove Fox and the Indian pony into the corral, tied their saddle-horses outside the fence, and went into the house, where they were cordially and noisily greeted by their friends there assembled. The two new-comers took each a competent drink of straight whiskey, and took it from a tin cup. Dick felt glad that he was there.

It was nearer the morrow's daylight than midnight when, at the general breaking up of the party, he emerged, somewhat unsteady but confident, from the house, led Fox from the corral, mounted Ginger, and shouting farewell to the lingering revellers, rode to the horse camp, with the crisp snow crunching underfoot and the bright stars shining coldly above. The Indian pony did not accompany his outfit. There had been a game of poker during the evening, and Dick had parted with one-third of his claim on the animal through backing his hand in that barren symbol of "unkissed kisses," the bobtail flush that didn't fill. His remaining ownership of the colt had vanished on the showing up at the table of that phenomenal array of cards known as a "straight flush" at the inopportune time when, with the feeling of a conqueror, he was contemplating in his own hand the royal and mocking pageant of four kings. He had recovered from the feelings of amazement and loss of confidence at first engendered by the occurrence, and now recalled his loss with a single feeling of regret.

"I reckon I'm not sandy any more," he said to himself. "Four kings, 'n' only two-thirds of a scrub pony lost! It's a disgrace not to have blown my saddle 'n' bridle 'n' boots in on sich a hand as that!"

CLARENCE PULLEN.

THE MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.

MR. NATHAN MATTHEWS, JUN., who was elected Mayor of Boston on the 9th inst., is a good representative of the newer type of New England Democracy—a type which has been partly formed by the accession to the party of young men who have been brought up under Republican influences, and by the growth within the party lines of young men of advanced opinions. Mr. Matthews, who is the descendant of an old Massachusetts family, was born in Boston on the 28th of March, 1854. After taking his preparatory studies in the public schools of that city, he entered Harvard College in 1871, and graduated at the age of twenty-one in the class of 1875. The next two years of his life were spent in Europe, the greater part of the time at Leipsic, where he made a special study of jurisprudence and political economy. Returning from Germany in his twenty-fourth year, he passed two years and a half in the Harvard Law School, and was admitted to the Suffolk bar in 1880. For the last ten years he has been engaged in the regular practice of his profession, though devoting special attention to equity cases and to the management of trust estates, while at the same time acting as law editor of the *American Architect*.

Mr. Matthews's claims to public confidence have rested thus far largely upon his astonishing industry and great political aptitude. His ability in these respects was strikingly shown during the last political campaign, during which he held the office of Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Massachusetts State Democracy. It is not too much to say that, in conjunction with Mr. Josiah Quincy, the secretary of the committee, Mr. Matthews mainly influenced the policy of the campaign and the selection of those who were to be its visible exponents. The Democracy in Massachusetts in years past has been sadly wanting in leadership. The men who could say or do the right thing at the right time have rarely been present in the party councils, and as a result the Republicans have won many undeserved triumphs; for discredited as some of their candidates might be, or questionable as might be some of the measures which they maintained, the Democracy has been so hopelessly blind and blundering, that only the case-hardened members of the party could bring themselves to vote for its candidates. But during the last campaign, and in the campaign of two years ago, in which Mr. Matthews took an active part, and in which, to quite a degree, his spurs were won, the leadership that was wanting in the past was made manifest from the general method adopted down to the execution of small details. There was never a time in the recollection of men now living in which the Democratic party of Massachusetts presented so harmonious a front as it did at the November election, and this harmony of action was rightly attributed to the discretion and tact of the Mayor-elect of Boston.

These are political qualities of a high order, but their possession does not imply the presence also of administrative ability. Mr. Matthews secured his nomination and election because of his notable success as a far-sighted, clear-headed politician. He has now to demonstrate whether his wonderful skill in managing men, his adroitness in the use of expedients, and his good common-sense will permit him to win further laurels as the chief executive of the city of Boston. He is under a great necessity, that of holding and adding to the reputation which he and his party have already won. If the administration of Boston for the next year is unsatisfactory to the reputable thinking citizens, not only will Mr. Matthews suffer a severe loss of personal prestige, but the leadership of the Democratic party by its progressive young men will be seriously imperilled, and it is highly improbable that the newly elected Governor, Mr. William E. Russell, can secure a re-election.

On the other hand, Mr. Matthews is the candidate of and owes his election to the "boys," and it remains to be seen with what success he can hold this disturbing element in line. In managing party affairs, this is a class of work which he has been exceptionally skilful in performing; but when the demand arises in a large number of influential quarters for the spoils of political success, to silence these demands without meeting them, and at the same time to avoid the direct enmity of the claimants, will require a degree of tact, readiness, and fearlessness such as few men possess. On the other hand, if Mr. Matthews can succeed not only in holding the popular support that he and his friends have gained for the Democratic party in Massachusetts, but can add to that strength by a practical exhibition of administrative ability, then he will have performed no slight part in winning a great political victory.

There is perhaps no man in Boston better fitted than he to undertake this difficult task; and yet, considering his inexperience and the pitfalls that are in his way as the responsible head in a great American city of the Democratic party, it would not be strange if he failed to come up to the full measure of his opportunities. His career will be watched with great interest not only by the people of Massachusetts, but by those outside of that State, for the reason that upon his success or failure the political future of that State may largely depend.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL CORRIDOR IN THE EVENING.

EVERY large city has certain nuclei of activity, and, as a rule, they are where a more than usual number of roadways meet. The authorities who laid out New York north of Fourteenth Street with a view to redeeming it as far as possible from the reputation for irregularity to which the early Knickerbocker surveyors and their bovine inspirers had subjected it, found Broadway, fortunately, an immovable stumbling-block in carrying out their ideas of precision. Other country roads they succeeded in suppressing or in forcing into rectilinear moulds, but the native vitality of Broadway was not to be overcome. The result is that at its own sweet will, and at angles best suited to itself, it cuts across the long narrow blocks which for some inscrutable reason were laid the wrong way, presenting the least number of streets in the direction of the greatest amount of traffic. Where the great thoroughfare diagonally intersects both the avenues and the cross streets local centres are formed, like the ganglions of a nervous system. The first of these above Union Square is at Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue; then come those respectively at Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, Forty-third and Seventh Avenue, Fifty-ninth and Eighth Avenue; and others are taking shape and substance further north. The most important is that at Twenty-third Street, where the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with frontage on three of the chief streets of the city, and with a side to a less prominent one, stands a time-honored landmark of a notable region of metropolitan hostelries and attractions generally.

The locality, though it contains no great railway station, suggests in some sort Charing Cross in London, just as the City Hall and Post-office district may be likened to that of the Mansion House and Royal Exchange. It would be hazardous to predict just how long this particular centre will sustain its supremacy in such a rapidly growing city as New York, but at present its eminence is unquestioned. If the observer at the Fifth Avenue Hotel could be told something of each individual who goes through its main corridor during any busy hour, a realizing sense of how small the world has grown would come upon him. The other day he might have seen the Irish Home-Rule leaders on their way to a consultation there pass by commanders of Brazilian war vessels as though they were every-day neighbors. A representative of any civilized or even semi-civilized land might be pointed out to him, and of course citizens from all parts of the United States would be present. In the interdependence of interests brought about by an age of steam and electricity, the metropolis is the point above all others where men living in the various States and charged with more than ordinary responsibilities come together; and there is no place in the city where they gather to a greater extent than they do at this particular spot. Senators, Representatives in Congress, capitalists, prominent merchants, editors, judges, army and navy officers, and pleasure-seekers merely help to form the various throng.

Nor do visitors from abroad only claim the observer's attention. The American hotel proprietor differs from his brother elsewhere in the extent to which he gratuitously supplies a social exchange for all well-behaved individuals who see fit to avail themselves of it. An outsider who enters a European hotel is, as a rule, expected to state what brings him there, but in this country he makes about as free use of the place as he does of the post-office; enjoys its chairs, light, and warmth, and seems to regard it as a general club of which he is a member in full standing, but relieved from any payment of annual dues. In times of political or other excitement the American hotel office, with its broad spaces, presents the appearance of a town meeting, and at all times it is more or less a head-quarters for politicians, business men, and others, who have no real claims upon its hospitality.

It is understood that some of the new large hotels in process of erection in New York will not offer facilities of this description for those who are not guests. The would-be visitor must pass the gauntlet of a concierge, and satisfactorily explain the why and wherefore of his coming before gaining access to the interior, and even the guests will not be encouraged in the habit of spending their idle time in the precinct presided over by the clerk. It remains to be seen if this transatlantic order of things will gain a permanent foothold on our soil. If it does, the illustration of the hotel corridor presented on another page will in time represent a thing of the past, but at present it pictures a very living reality. The American of to-day is gregarious. He likes his hotel to be run on the same principle as his railway cars, and regards retirement as mainly useful for sleeping purposes.

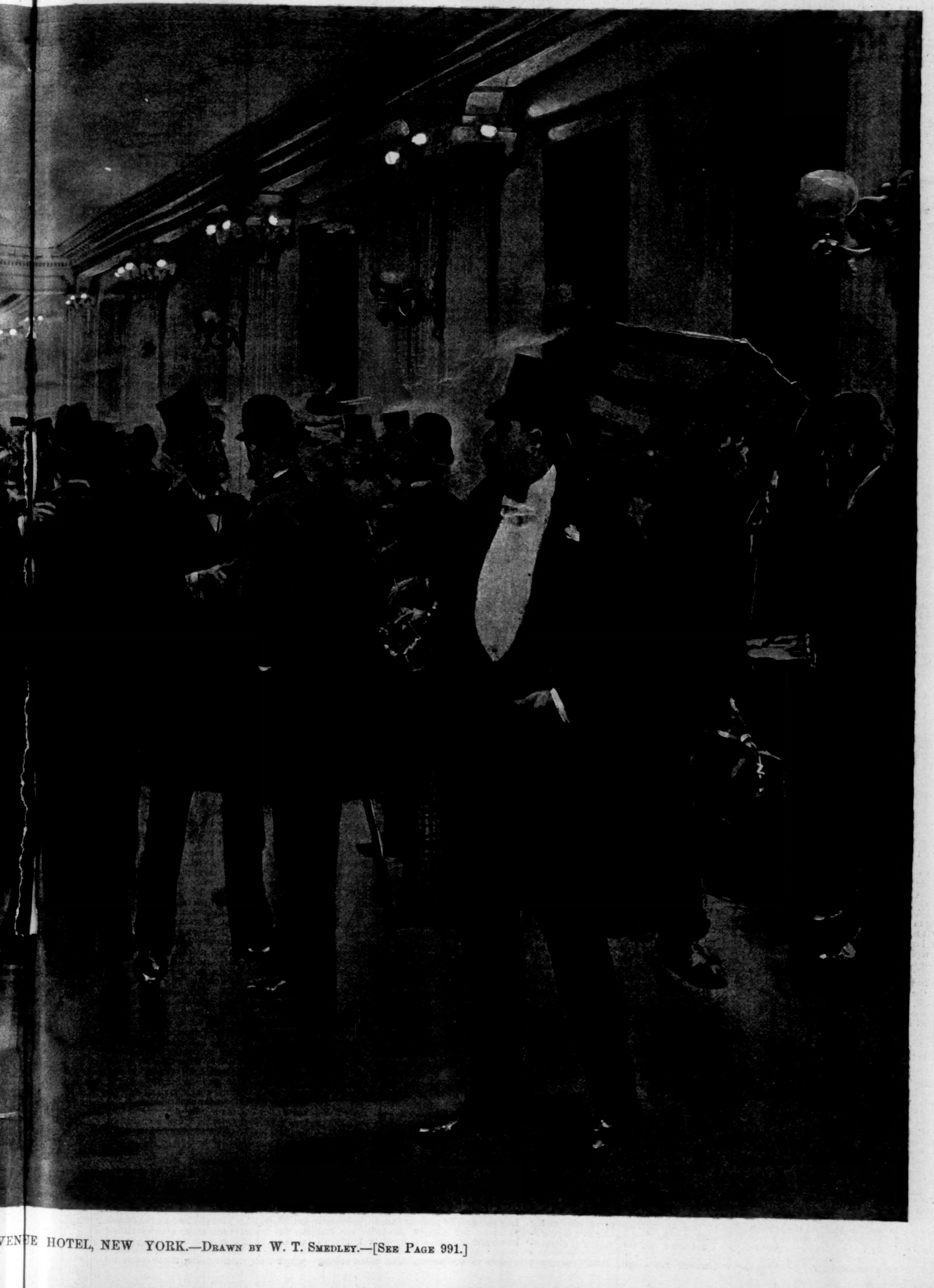
The most interesting time at the metropolitan hotels is in the early evening. Then the city contingent—the business of the day and dinner being over—appears in force either seeking for acquaintances or for anything that may happen of an entertaining character. The well-fed and well-dressed delegations about to go to the theatres linger to finish their cigars. The politicians and men of affairs are engaged in their greetings and general talk preliminary to entering upon more important matters. The arrivals are perhaps more numerous at this juncture than at any other hour, and the porters bend under their burdens of trunks, and bring to mind the legends of their affluence. Here and there, seated or wandering gloomily about, are individuals hopelessly out of their element, and clearly wishing they were home; but they are not numerous enough to overcome the prevailing sense of cheerful activity. There are few places more conducive to the satisfaction and comfort of one of cosmopolitan likes and tendencies than a well-managed hotel of the first rank. One living away from the metropolis and in want of recreation can rarely do better, if circumstances will admit, than to visit the attractions of the city from such a vantage-ground, and to study the wide variety of prosperous humanity temporarily domiciled therein.

A CELEBRITY.

"You see that big broad-shouldered fellow up the corridor there? That's young Fobkins, one of his college eleven; quite a celebrity—a half back."

"Whe-ew! what a celebrity he'll be when he gets his whole back."

AN EVENING SCENE IN THE CORRIDOR OF THE FIFTH AVEN



VENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 991.]

A GROUP OF NOBLE DAMES.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOODLANDERS," "A LAODICEAN," "WESSEX TALES," ETC.

AFTER a short silence, during which the company reflected on the disappointments of pedigree, as exemplified in the Crimson Maltster's narrative, the Sentimental Member remarked upon the pathos of childhood, particularly when a child found itself in a world where it was not wanted, and could not understand the reason why. A tale by the speaker, further illustrating the same subject, though with different results from the last, naturally followed.

VI.

LADY MOTTISFONT.

BY THE SENTIMENTAL MEMBER.

"OF all the romantic towns in Wessex, Wintoncester is probably the most convenient for meditative people to live in, since there you have a cathedral with a nave so long that it affords space in which to walk and summon your remoter moods without continually turning on your heel, or seeming to do more than take an afternoon stroll under cover from the rain or sun. In an uninterrupted course of nearly three hundred steps eastward, and again of nearly three hundred steps westward, amid those magnificent ecclesiastical tombs and royal monuments, you can, for instance, compare in the most leisurely way the dry dustiness which ultimately pervades the persons of kings and bishops with the damper dustiness that is usually the final shape of commoners, curates, and others who take their last rest out-of-doors. Then, if you are in love, you can, by sauntering in the chapels and behind the episcopal chantries with the bright-eyed one, so steep and mellow your ecstasy in the solemnities around that it will assume a rarer and finer tincture, even more grateful to the understanding, if not to the senses, than that form of the emotion which arises from such companionship in spots where all is life and growth and fecundity.

"It was in this solemn place, whither they had withdrawn from the sight of relatives on one cold day in March, that Sir Ashley Mottisfont asked in marriage, as his second wife, Philippa, the gentle daughter of plain Squire Okehall. Her life had been an obscure one thus far; while Sir Ashley, though not a rich man, had a certain distinction about him, so that everybody thought what a convenient, elevating, and, in a word, blessed match it would be for such a supernumerary as she. Nobody thought so more than the amiable girl herself. She had been smitten with such affection for him that when she walked the cathedral aisles at his side on the before-mentioned day, she did not know that her feet touched hard pavement; it seemed to her rather that she was floating in space. Philippa was an ecstatic heart-thumping maiden, and could not understand how she had deserved to have sent to her such an illustrious lover, such a travelled personage, such a handsome man.

"When he put the question, it was no clumsy language such as the ordinary bucolic county landlords were wont to use on like quivering occasions, but in discourse as full of elegance as if he had been taught it in Enfield's *Speaker*. Yet he hesitated a little—for he had something to add.

"'My pretty Philippa,' he said (she was not very pretty, by-the-way), 'I have, you must know, a little girl dependent upon me; a little waif I found one day in a bed of wild thyme when I was riding home; a little nameless creature, whom I wish to take care of till she is old enough to take care of herself, and to educate in a plain way. She is only fifteen months old, and is at present in the hands of a kind villager's wife in my parish. Will you object to give some attention to the little thing in her helplessness?'

"It need hardly be said that our innocent lady, loving him so deeply and joyfully as she did, replied that she would do all she could for the nameless child; and shortly afterward the pair were married in the same cathedral that had echoed the whispers of his declaration, the officiating minister being the bishop himself, a venerable and experienced man, so well accomplished in uniting people who had a mind for that sort of experiment that the couple, with some sense of surprise, found themselves one while they were still vaguely gazing at each other as two independent beings.

"After this operation they went home to Deansleigh Park, and made a beginning of living happily ever after. Lady Mottisfont, true to her promise, was always running down to the village during the following weeks to see the baby whom her husband had lighted on during his ride home—concerning which discovery she had her own opinion; but being so extremely amiable and affectionate that she could have loved stocks and stones if there had been no living creatures to love, she uttered none of her thoughts. The little thing, who had been christened Dorothy, took to Lady Mottisfont as if the baronet's young wife had been her mother; and at length Philippa grew so fond of the child that she ventured to ask her husband if she might have Dorothy in her own home and bring her up carefully, just as if she were her own. To this he answered that, though remarks might be made thereon, he had no objection—a fact which was obvious, Sir Ashley seeming rather pleased than otherwise with the proposal.

"After this they lived quietly and uneventfully for two or three years at Sir Ashley Mottisfont's residence in that part of England, with as near an approach to bliss as the climate of this country allows. The child had been a godsend to Philippa, for there seemed no great probability of her having one of her own; and she wisely regarded the possession of Dorothy as a special kindness of Providence, and did not worry her mind at all as to Dorothy's possible origin. Being a tender and impulsive creature, she loved her husband without criticism, exhaustively and religiously, and the child not much otherwise. She watched the little foundling as if she had been her own by nature, and Dorothy became a great solace to her when her husband was absent on pleasure or business; and when he came home he looked pleased to see how the two had won each other's hearts. Sir Ashley would kiss his wife, and his wife would kiss little Dorothy, and little Dorothy would kiss Sir Ashley, and after this triangular burst of affection Lady Mottisfont would say, 'Dear me, I forget she is not mine!'

"'What does it matter?' her husband would reply. 'Providence is foreknowing. He has sent us this one because He is not intending to send us one of our own.'

"Their life was of the simplest. Since his travels the Baronet had taken to sporting and farming, while Philippa was a pattern of domesticity. Their pleasures were all local. They retired early to rest, and rose with the cart-horses and whistling wagoners. They knew the names of every bird and tree not exceptionally uncommon, and could foretell the weather almost as well as anxious farmers and old people with corns.

"One day Sir Ashley Mottisfont received a letter, which he read, and musingly laid down on the table without remark.

"'What is it, dearest?' asked his wife, glancing at the sheet.

"'Oh, it is from an old lawyer at Bath whom I used to know. He reminds me of something I said to him four or five years ago—some little time before we were married—about Dorothy.'

"'What about her?'

"'It was a casual remark I made to him, when I thought you might not take kindly to her, that if he knew a lady who was anxious to adopt a child, and could insure a good home to Dorothy, he was to let me know.'

"'But that was when you had nobody to take care of her,' she said, quickly. 'How absurd of him to write now! Does he know you are married? He must, surely.'

"'Oh yes.'

"He handed her the letter. The solicitor stated that a widow lady of position, who did not at present wish her name to be disclosed, had lately become a client of his while taking the waters, and had mentioned to him that she would like a little girl to bring up as her own, if she could be certain of finding one of good and pleasing disposition; and the better to insure this, she would not wish the child to be too young for judging her qualities. He had remembered Sir Ashley's observation to him a long while ago, and therefore brought the matter before him. It would be an excellent home for the little girl—of that he was positive—if she had not already found such a home.

"'But it is absurd of the man to write so long after,' said Lady Mottisfont, with a lumpiness about her throat as she thought how much Dorothy had become to her. 'I suppose it was when you first—found her—that you told him this?'

"'Exactly; it was then.'

"He fell into thought, and neither Sir Ashley nor Lady Mottisfont took the trouble to answer the lawyer's letter, and so the matter ended for the time.

"One day at dinner, on their return from a short absence in town, whither they had gone to see what the world was doing, hear what it was saying, and to make themselves generally fashionable after rusticating for so long—on this occasion, I say, they learnt from some friends who had joined them at dinner that Fernell Hall—the manorial house of the estate next their own, which had been offered on lease by reason of the impecuniosity of its owner—had been taken for a term by a widow lady, an Italian Contessa, whose name I will not mention for certain reasons which may by-and-by appear.

"Lady Mottisfont expressed her surprise and interest at the probability of having such a neighbor. 'Though, if I had been born in Italy, I think I should have liked to remain there,' she said.

"'She is not Italian, though her husband was,' said Sir Ashley.

"Oh, you have heard about her before now?'

"'Yes; they were talking of her at Grey's the other evening. She is English.'

"And then, as her husband said no more about the lady, the friend who was dining with them told Lady Mottisfont that the Contessa's father had speculated largely in East India stock, in which immense fortunes were being made at that time; through this his daughter had found herself enormously wealthy at his death, which had occurred only a few weeks after the death of her husband. It was supposed that the marriage of an enterprising English speculator's daughter to a poor foreign nobleman had been matter of arrangement merely. As soon as the Countess's widowhood was a little further advanced she would, no doubt, be the mark of all the schemers who came near her, for she was still quite young. But at present she seemed to desire quiet, and avoided society and town.

"Some weeks after this time Sir Ashley Mottisfont sat looking fixedly at his lady for many moments. He said: 'It might have been better for Dorothy if the Countess had taken her. She is so wealthy in comparison with ourselves, and could have ushered the girl into the great world more effectually than we ever shall be able to do.'

"'The Contessa take Dorothy?' said Lady Mottisfont, with a start. 'What! was she the lady who wished to adopt her?'

"'Yes; she was staying at Bath when Lawyer Gayton wrote to me.'

"'But how do you know all this, Ashley?'

"He showed a little hesitation. 'Oh, I've seen her,' he says. 'You know she drives to the meet sometimes, though she does not ride; and she has informed me that she was the lady who inquired of Gayton.'

"'You have talked to her as well as seen her, then?'

"'Oh yes, several times; everybody has.'

"'Why didn't you tell me?' says his lady. 'I had quite forgotten to call upon her. I'll go to-morrow, or soon....But I can't think, Ashley, how you can say that it might have been better for Dorothy to have gone to her; she is so much our own now that I cannot admit any such conjectures as those, even in jest.' Her eyes reproached him so eloquently that Sir Ashley Mottisfont did not answer.

"Lady Mottisfont did not hunt any more than the Anglo-Italian Countess; indeed, she had become so absorbed in household matters and Dorothy's well-being that she had no mind to waste a minute on mere enjoyments. As she had said, to talk coolly of what might have been the best destination in time past for a child to whom they had become so attached seemed quite barbarous, and she could not understand how her husband should consider the point so abstractedly; for, as will probably have been guessed, Lady Mottisfont long before this time, if she had not done so at the very beginning, divined Sir Ashley's true relation to Dorothy. But the Baronet's wife was so discreetly meek and mild that she never told him of her surmise, and took what Heaven had sent her without cavil, her generosity in this respect having been bountifully rewarded by the new life she found in her love for the little girl.

"Her husband recurred to the same uncomfortable subject when, a few days later, they were speaking of travelling abroad. He said that it was almost a pity, if they thought of going, that they had not fallen in with the Countess's wish. That lady had told him that she had met Dorothy walking with her nurse, and that she had never seen a child she liked so well.

"'What! she covets her still? How impertinent of the woman!' said Lady Mottisfont.

"'She seems to do so....You see, dearest Philippa, the advantage to Dorothy would have been that the Countess would have adopted her legally, and have made her as her own daughter, while we have not done that. We are only bringing up and educating a poor child in charity.'

"'But I'll adopt her fully—make her mine legally,' said his wife, in an anxious voice. 'How is it to be done?'

"'H'm!' He did not inform her, but fell into thought; and, for reasons of her own, his lady was restless and uneasy.

"The very next day Lady Mottisfont drove to Fernell Hall to pay the neglected call upon her neighbor. The Countess was at home, and received her graciously. But poor Lady Mottisfont's heart died within her as soon as she set eyes on her new acquaintance. Such wonderful beauty, of the fully developed kind, had never confronted her before inside the lines of a human face. She seemed to shine with every light and grace that woman can possess. Her finished Continental manners, her expanded mind, her ready wit, composed a study that made the other poor lady sick, for she, and latterly Sir Ashley himself, were rather rural in manners, and she felt abashed by new sounds and ideas from without. She hardly knew three words in any language but her own, while this divine creature, though truly English, had, apparently, whatever she wanted in the Italian and French tongues to suit every impression, which was considered a great improvement to speech in those days, and, indeed, is by many considered as such in these.

"'How very strange it was about the little girl!' the Contessa said to Lady Mottisfont, in her gay tones. 'I mean, that the child the lawyer recommended should, just before then, have been adopted by you, who are now my neighbor. How is she getting on? I must come and see her.'

"'Do you still want her?' asks Lady Mottisfont, suspiciously.

"'Oh, I should like to have her.'

"'But you can't! She's mine!' said the other, greedily.

"A drooping manner appeared in the Countess from that moment.

"Lady Mottisfont, too, was in a wretched mood all the way home that day. The Countess was so charming in every way that she had charmed her gentle ladyship; how should it be possible that she had failed to charm Sir Ashley? Moreover, she had awakened a strange thought in Philippa's mind. As soon as she reached home she rushed to the nursery, and there, seizing Dorothy, frantically kissed her; then, holding her at arm's-length, she gazed with a piercing inquisitiveness into the girl's lineaments. She sighed deeply, abandoned the wondering Dorothy, and hastened away.

"She had seen there not only her husband's traits, which she had often beheld before, but others of the shade, shape, and expression which characterized those of her new neighbor.

"Then this poor lady perceived the whole perturbing sequence of things, and asked herself how she could have been such a walking piece of simplicity as not to have thought of this before. But she did not stay long upbraiding herself for her short-sightedness, so overwhelmed was she with misery at the spectacle of herself as an intruder between these. To be sure, she could not have foreseen such a conjuncture, but that did not lessen her grief. The woman who had been both her husband's bliss and his backsliding had reappeared free when he was no longer so, and she evidently was dying to claim her own in the person of Dorothy, who had meanwhile grown to be to Lady Mottisfont almost the only source of each day's happiness, supplying her with something to watch over, inspiring her with the sense of maternity, and so largely reflecting her husband's nature as almost to deceive her into the pleasant belief that she reflected her own also.

"If there was a single direction in which this devoted and virtuous lady erred it was in the direction of over-submissiveness. When all is said and done, and the truth told, men seldom show much self-sacrifice in their conduct as lords and masters to helpless women bound to them for life, and perhaps (though I say it with all uncertainty) if she had blazed up in his face like a furze fagot directly he came home, she might have helped herself a little. But God knows whether this is a true supposition; at any rate she did no such thing, and waited and prayed that she might never do despite to him who, she was bound to admit, had always been tender and courteous toward her, and hoped that little Dorothy might never be taken away.

"By degrees the two households became friendly, and very seldom did a week pass without their seeing something of each other. Try as she might, and dangerous as she assumed the acquaintanceship to be, Lady Mottisfont could detect no fault or flaw in her new friend. It was obvious that Dorothy had been the magnet which had drawn the Contessa hither, and not Sir Ashley. Such beauty, united with such understanding and brightness, Philippa had never before known in one of her own sex, and she tried to think (whether she succeeded I do not know) that she did not mind the propinquity; since a woman so rich, so fair, and with such a command of suitors could not desire to wreck the happiness of so inoffensive a person as herself.

"The season drew on when it was the custom for families of distinction to go off to Bath, and Sir Ashley Mottisfont persuaded his wife to accompany him thither with Dorothy. Everybody of any note was there this year. From their own part of England came many that they knew; among the rest, Lord and Lady Purbeck, the Earl and Countess of Wessex, Sir John Grebe, the Drenkhards, Lady Stourvale, the old Duke of Hamptonshire, the Bishop of Melchester, the Dean of Exonbury, and other lesser lights of court, pulpit, and field. Thither also came the fair Contessa, whom, as soon as Philippa saw how much she was sought after by younger men, she could not conscientiously suspect of renewed designs upon Sir Ashley.

"But the Countess had finer opportunities than ever with Dorothy; for Lady Mottisfont was often indisposed, and even at other times could not honestly hinder an intercourse which gave fresh ideas to the child. Dorothy welcomed her new acquaintance with a strange and instinctive readiness that intimated the wonderful subtlety of the threads which bind flesh and flesh together.

"At last the crisis came; it was precipitated by an accident. Dorothy and her nurse had gone out one day for an airing, leaving Lady Mottisfont alone in-doors. While she sat gloomily thinking that in all likelihood the Countess would contrive to meet the child somewhere, and exchange a few tender words with her, Sir Ashley Mottisfont rushed in and informed her that Dorothy had just had the narrowest possible escape from death. Some workmen were undermining a house to pull it down for rebuilding, when, without warning, the front wall inclined slowly outward for its fall, the nurse and child passing beneath it at the same moment. The fall was temporarily arrested by the scaffolding, while in the mean time the Countess had witnessed their imminent danger from the other side of the street. Springing across, she snatched Dorothy from under the wall, and pulled the nurse after her, the middle of the way being barely reached before they were enveloped in the dense dust of the descending mass, though not a particle touched them.

"'Where is Dorothy?' says the excited Lady Mottisfont.

"'She has her. She won't let her go for a time—'

"'Has her? But she's mine—she's mine!' cries Lady Mottisfont.

"Then her quick and tender eyes perceived that her husband had almost forgotten her intrusive existence in contemplating the oneness of Dorothy's, the Countess's, and his own; he was in a dream of exaltation which recognized nothing necessary to his

well-being outside that welded circle of three lives.

"'Dorothy was at length brought home; she was much fascinated by the Countess, and saw nothing tragic, but rather all that was truly delightful, in what had happened.

"'In the evening, when the excitement was over, and Dorothy was put to bed, Sir Ashley said: 'She has saved Dorothy; and I have been asking myself what I can do for her as a slight acknowledgment of her heroism. Surely we ought to let her have Dorothy to bring up, since she still desires to do it. It would be so much to Dorothy's advantage. We ought to look at it in that light, and not selfishly.'

"'Philippa seized his hand. 'Ashley, Ashley, you don't mean it—that I must lose my pretty darling—the only one I have?' She met his gaze with her piteous mouth and eyes so painfully strained that he turned away his face.

"'The next morning, before Dorothy was awake, Lady Mottisfont stole to the girl's bedside, and sat regarding her. When Dorothy opened her eyes she fixed them for a long time upon Philippa's features.

"'Mamma, you are not so pretty as the Contessa, are you?' she said at length.

"'I am not, Dorothy.'

"'Why are you not, mamma?'

"'Dorothy, where would you rather live, always—with me, or with her?'

"'The little girl looked troubled. 'I am sorry, mamma; I don't mean to be unkind; but I would rather live with her; I mean, if I might without trouble, and you did not mind, and it could be just the same to us all, you know.'

"'Has she ever asked you the same question?'

"'Never, mamma.'

"'There lay the sting of it; the Countess seemed the soul of honor and fairness in this matter, test her as she might. That afternoon Lady Mottisfont went to her husband with singular firmness upon her gentle face.

"'Ashley, we have been married nearly five years, and I have never challenged you with what I know perfectly well—the parentage of Dorothy.'

"'Never have you, Philippa dear, though I have seen that you knew from the first.'

"'From the first as to her father, not as to her mother. Her I did not know for some time; but I know now.'

"'Ah, you have discovered that too?' says he, without much surprise.

"'Could I help it? Very well, that being so, I have thought it over, and I have spoken to Dorothy. I agree to her going. I can do no less than to grant the Countess her wish after her kindness to my—your—her—child.'

"'Then this self-sacrificing woman went hastily away that he might not see that her heart was bursting. And thereupon, before they left the city, Dorothy changed her mother and her home. After this the Countess went away to London for a while, taking Dorothy with her, and the Baronet and his wife returned to their lonely place at Deansleigh Park without her.

"'To renounce Dorothy in the bustle of Bath was a different thing from living without her in this quiet home. One evening Sir Ashley missed his wife from the supper table. Her manner had been so pensive and woful of late that he immediately became alarmed. He said nothing, but looked about outside the house narrowly, and discerned her form in the park, where recently she had been accustomed to walk alone. In its lower levels there was a pool fed by a trickling brook, and he reached this spot in time to hear a splash. Running forward, he dimly perceived her light gown floating in the water. To pull her out was the work of a few instants; and bearing her in-doors to her room, he undressed her, nobody in the house knowing of the incident but himself. She had not been immersed long enough to lose her senses, and soon recovered. She owned that she had done it because the Contessa had taken away her child, as she persisted in calling Dorothy. Her husband spoke sternly to her, and impressed upon her the weakness of giving way thus when all that had happened was for the best. She took his reproof meekly, and admitted her fault.

"'After that she became more resigned; but he often caught her in tears over some doll, shoe, or ribbon of Dorothy's, and decided to take her to the north of England for change of air and scene. This was not without its beneficial effect corporeally, as later events showed; but she still evinced a preternatural sharpness of ear at the most casual mention of the child. When they reached home, the Countess and Dorothy were still absent from the neighboring Fernell Hall; but in a month or two they returned, and a little later Sir Ashley Mottisfont came into his wife's room full of news.

"'Well, would you think it, Philippa? After being so desperate, too, about getting Dorothy to be with her!'

"'Ah, what?'

"'Our neighbor, the Countess, is going to be married again. It is somebody she has met in London.'

"'Lady Mottisfont was much surprised; she had never dreamt of such an event; the conflict for the possession of Dorothy's person had obscured the possibility of it; yet what more likely, the Countess being still under thirty and good-looking?

"'What is of still more interest to us, or to you,' continued her husband, 'is a kind offer she has made. She is willing that you should have Dorothy back again. Seeing what a grief the loss of her has been to you, she will try to do without her.'

"'It is not for that; it is not to oblige me,' said Lady Mottisfont, quickly. 'One can see well enough what it is for.'

"'Well, never mind; beggars mustn't be choosers. The reason or motive is nothing to us, so that you obtain your desire.'

"'I am not a beggar any longer,' said Lady Mottisfont, with proud mystery.

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'Lady Mottisfont hesitated. However, it was only too plain that she did not now jump at a restitution of one for whom some months before she had been breaking her heart.

"'The explanation of this change of mood became apparent some little time further on. Lady Mottisfont, after five years of wedded life, was expecting to become a mother, and the aspect of many things was greatly altered in her view. Among the more important changes was that of no longer feeling Dorothy to be absolutely indispensable to her existence.

"'Meanwhile, in view of her coming marriage, the Countess decided to abandon the remainder of her term at Fernell Hall, and return to her pretty little house in town. But she could not do this quite so quickly as she had expected, and half a year or more elapsed before she finally quitted the neighborhood, the interval being passed in alternations between the country and London. Prior to her last departure she had an interview with Sir Ashley Mottisfont, and it occurred three days after his wife had presented him with a son and heir.

"'I wanted to speak to you,' said the Countess, looking him luminously in the face, 'about the dear foundling I have adopted temporarily, and thought to have adopted permanently.'

"'I thought it might be that,' he answered, regarding her steadfastly back again, and observing two tears come slowly into her eyes as she heard her own voice describe Dorothy in those words.

"'Don't criticise me,' she said, hastily, and recovering herself, went on: 'If Lady Mottisfont could take her back again, as I suggested, it would be better for me, and certainly no worse for Dorothy. To every one but ourselves she is but a child I have taken a fancy to, and Lady Mottisfont coveted her so much, and was very reluctant to let her go. . . . I am sure she will adopt her again,' she added, anxiously.

"'I will sound her afresh,' said the Baronet. 'You leave Dorothy behind for the present?'

"'Yes; although I go away, I do not give up the house for another month.'

"'He did not speak to his wife about the proposal till some few days after, when Lady Mottisfont had quite recovered, and news of the Countess's marriage in London had just reached them. He had no sooner mentioned Dorothy's name than Lady Mottisfont showed symptoms of disquietude.

"'I have not acquired any dislike of Dorothy,' she said, 'but I feel that there is one nearer to me now. Dorothy chose the alternative of going to the Countess, you must remember, when I put it to her as between the Countess and myself.'

"'But, my dear Philippa, how can you argue thus about a child, and that child our Dorothy?'

"'Not ours,' said his wife. 'Ours is here.'

"'What, then, Philippa,' he said, surprised, 'you won't have her back, after nearly dying of grief at the loss of her?'

"'I cannot argue, dear Ashley. I should prefer not to have the responsibility of Dorothy again. Her place is filled now.'

"'Her husband sighed, and went out of the chamber. There had been a previous arrangement that Dorothy should be brought to the house on a visit that day, but instead of taking her up to his wife, he did not inform Lady Mottisfont of the child's presence. He entertained her himself as well as he could, and accompanied her into the park, where they had a ramble together.

"'Between this husband and this baby, little Dorothy, you who had two homes are left out in the cold,' he said to himself.

"'Can't I go to London with my pretty mamma?' said Dorothy, perceiving from his manner that there was a hitch somewhere.

"'I am afraid not, my child. She only took you to live with her because she was lonely, you know.'

"'Then can't I stay at Deansleigh Park with my other mamma and you?'

"'I am afraid that cannot be done either,' said he, sadly. 'We have a baby in the house now.' He closed the reply by stooping down and kissing her, there being a tear in his eye.

"'Then nobody wants me,' said Dorothy, pathetically.

"'Oh yes, somebody wants you,' he assured her. 'Where would you like to live besides?'

"'Dorothy's experiences being rather limited, she mentioned the only other place in the world that she was acquainted with, the cottage of the villager who had taken care of her before Lady Mottisfont had removed her to the manor-house.

"'Yes; that's where you'll be best off, and most independent,' he answered. 'And I'll come to see you, my dear girl, and bring you pretty things; and perhaps you'll be just as happy there.'

"'Nevertheless, when the change came, and Dorothy was handed over to the kind cottage woman, the poor child missed the luxurious roominess of Fernell Hall and Deansleigh; and for a long time her little feet, which had been accustomed to carpets and oak floors, suffered from the cold of the stone flags on which it was now her lot to live and to play; while chilblains came upon her fingers with washing at the pump. But thicker shoes with nails in them somewhat remedied the cold feet, and her complaints and tears on this and other scores diminished to silence as she became inured anew to the hardships of the farm cottage, and she grew up robust, if not handsome. She was never altogether lost sight of by Sir Ashley, though she was deprived of the systematic education which had been devised and begun for her by Lady Mottisfont, as well as by her other mamma, the enthusiastic Countess; the latter soon had other Dorothys to think of, who occupied her time and affection as fully as Lady Mottisfont's were occupied by her precious boy. In the course of time the doubly desired and doubly rejected Dorothy married, I believe, a respectable road contractor—the same, if I mistake not, who repaired and improved the old highway running from Wintoncester southwesterly through the Forest—and in the heart of this worthy man she found the nest which had been denied her by her own flesh and blood of higher degree."

At the conclusion of this narrative, which turned out to be the last, one or two of the weather-bound listeners looked at their watches by the fire-light (for there was no means of illuminating the museum), and murmured something about getting to their lodgings.

It was quite dark without, except in the immediate neighborhood of the feeble street lamps, and before a few shop windows which had been hardily lit up, in spite of the obvious unlikelihood of any chance customer traversing the clogged thoroughfares, and the superfluity of enticement to any regular buyer who was compelled to come of necessity. The lights were in general confined to such establishments as those of the druggist, the grocer, and the provision dealer, the few fancy shops being as dark as the cellars below them.

By one, by two, and by three the benighted members of the Field Club rose from their seats, shook hands, made appointments, and dropped away to their respective quarters, free or hired. It would probably be not until the first summer meeting, months away in the future, that the easy intercourse which had existed between them all that afternoon would repeat itself. The Crimson Maltster, for instance, knew that on the following market-day his friends the President, the Rural Dean, and the Bookworm would pass him in the street, if they met him, with the barest nod of civility, the President and the Colonel for social reasons, the Bookworm for intellectual reasons, and the Rural Dean for moral ones, the latter being a stanch teetotaler, dead against John Barleycorn. The Sentimental Member knew that when, on his rambles, he met his friend the Bookworm with a pocket copy of something or other under his nose, the latter would not love his companionship as he had done today; and the President, the aristocrat, and the farmer knew that affairs political, sporting, domestic, or agricultural would exclude for a long time all rumination on shades of difference in the characters of dames gone to dust for scores of years, however beautiful and noble they may have been in their time.

The last member at length departed, the attendant at the museum lowered the fire, the curator locked up the rooms, and soon there was only a single pirouetting flame on the top of a single coal to make the bones of the ichthyosaurus seem to leap, the stuffed birds wink, and to draw a smile from the varnished skulls of Vespasian's soldiery.

THE END.

THREE NOTED CHIEFS OF THE SIOUX.

The delusion of the coming of the Messiah among the Indians of the Northwest, with the resulting ceremony known as the ghost dance, is indicative of greater danger of an Indian war in that region than has existed since 1876. Never before have diverse Indian tribes been so generally united upon a single idea. The conspiracy of Pontiac and the arrayment of savage forces by Tecumseh are insignificant by comparison. The conditions do not exist that ordinarily have led to wars upon the Western frontier. The peril of the situation lies in the fanaticism which may carry the superstitious and excitable Indian to the point of hostilities in defiance of all hope of ultimate success; and the uncertainty of this element baffles the judgment of the oldest frontiersman, in the effort to determine the extent of the danger. A single spark in the tinder of excited religious gatherings may precipitate an Indian war more sanguinary than any similar war that has ever occurred. The hope of peace lies in the judicious display of force, united with conciliation, by the United States authorities, helped by the coming of severely cold weather, which would make an outbreak obviously hopeless, and allow time for the delusion to dissipate.

In the present state of affairs the noted Sioux chief Sitting Bull, who has already been the source of so much trouble in the course of Indian affairs, appears once more as a prominent figure. This time he does not have the fair pretext under which he incited the war in 1876, which led to the defeat and massacre of General Custer's command on Little Big Horn River, and terminated with the escape of Sitting Bull and his immediate followers into British territory. Since his surrender through the mediation of the Dominion officials in 1880, and his return to the Standing Rock Reservation in 1883, he has found his authority greatly diminished among the Dakota Sioux. This authority he has endeavored to regain by identifying himself with every element of hostility to the whites and opposition to the innovations of civilization, and has been so far successful that at the conference at Standing Rock, Dakota, in July and August, 1888, he influenced his tribe to refuse to relinquish their lands by purchase.

Contrary to the general estimate concerning him, this famous chief is a man of mediocre ability, not noted for bravery as a warrior, and inferior as a commander and in intelligence to some of his lieutenants. Sheer obstinacy, stubborn tenacity of purpose, and low cunning, with an aptitude for theatrical effect and for working on the superstitions of his people, are the attributes by which he has acquired and retained influence among the Northwest tribes. Personally he is pompous, vain, boastful, licentious, and untrustworthy. He has constantly been a disturbing element at the agency since his return from confinement as a military prisoner seven years ago, and has grown worse in this respect as he has felt his authority and importance departing.

The dangerous elements that this chief has called around him do not represent the most noted Indians who fought under his leadership in the Sioux war fourteen years ago, and followed him in his exile across the British frontier. Those warriors have realized the futility of warfare with the whites, and are sincerely desirous not to incur its evils again. The Indians of whom Sitting Bull is the representative comprise the irreconcilables—warriors who adhere to the old aboriginal usages and chiefs jealous of their authority, which wanes in proportion as their followers advance in civilization. This small but dangerous faction are ready at any time for war. In sympathy with their desire are many young men ambitious for a chance to distinguish themselves as warriors.

The chiefs of the greatest influence among the majority of the Indians are men of strong will and good sense, who have accepted the situation, and are willing to adapt themselves to the new condition of things. They could control their people by their own influence unaided if the scene of the gatherings was not so near exposed settlements, which tempt lawless Indians to make trouble in hope of booty. The present excitement is fanned to some extent by unscrupulous white persons desirous of a war with the hope that it shall bring them emolument, and end in throwing open the reservation lands for settlement.

Foremost among the Indians who have taken the side of peace and safety, and have made every effort to break up the delusion which finds expression in the ghost dances, are chiefs Gall and John Grass, both warriors held in great respect for wisdom and bravery, who took a prominent part as followers of Sitting Bull in the war that brought about the massacre at the Little Big Horn. The change in them in the fourteen years since both these chiefs were on the war-path in the equipments of savagery—the war bonnets, the braided hair pieced out with buffalo tails, and the array of weapons—is remarkable. The difference between the good and the bad Indian is indicated in the countenance even more obviously than among the civilized whites. The strong faces of these two chiefs indicate their character, which, unlike that of Sitting Bull, is fearless, upright, bright, and progressive.

The foremost leader among the Sioux is Chief Gall, who stands above all other chiefs in their estimation. Many persons familiar with the situation say that he planned the campaign of 1876, which made Sitting Bull famous as a commander and strategist, and affirm that no serious outbreak among the Northwest tribes will occur so long as he remains friendly to the government.

This famous war chief is one of the best farmers at the Standing Rock Agency. His family are all members of the Episcopalian Church. He takes no part in the ghost dance, nor does he lend his sanction to it. He feels that the Indians fail to appreciate the benefits of their present surroundings, and want old times, which have been magnified in their imagination by tradition, to return. "I think it better," he said, at the conclusion of a conference he and John Grass had with Major James McLaughlin, the United States agent at Standing Rock, "for us to live as we are living rather than create trouble, not knowing how it will end."

An element of great value in the preservation of order upon the reservation, and conspicuously useful in the present disturbed condition of affairs at the agency, is the Indian police. At Standing Rock the force is thirty in number, commanded by a captain and a lieutenant. For the adjudication of affairs occurring upon the reservation an Indian court has been established at the agency. Two of the judges are members of the police force, and the third one is John Grass, who speaks English. The impartiality and excellent judgment displayed in the conduct of this court have been noteworthy, and its decisions have almost invariably been accepted without complaint.

THE LATE DANIEL B. FAYERWEATHER, OF NEW YORK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SHERMAN & MCHUGH.—[SEE PAGE 999.]

NATHAN MATTHEWS, JUN., MAYOR-ELECT OF BOSTON.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK, BOSTON.—[SEE PAGE 991.]

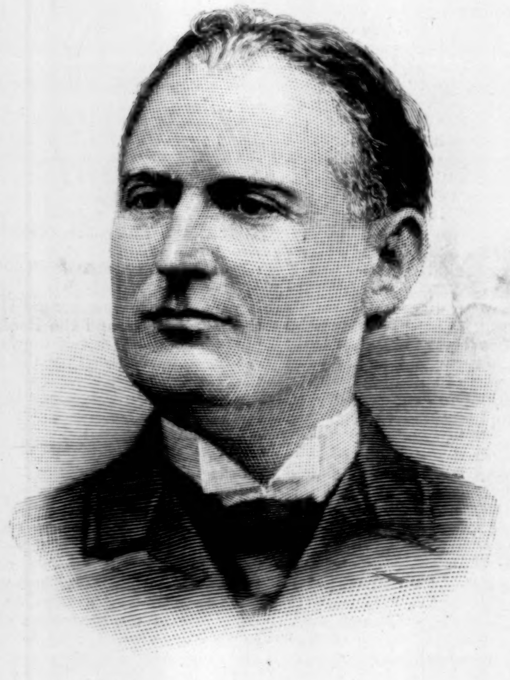
HENRY S. TYLER, MAYOR-ELECT OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THE NEW MAYOR OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THOUGH defeated parties speak of this as an off year in politics, the truth is that very keen interest seems to pervade both general and local elections. The municipal contests which are going on reflect their full share of popular excitement whether or no there is any unusual element involved in the canvass. One interesting feature is called to mind from time to time—the tendency to elevate young men to high places of trust. This is illustrated in the late mayoralty contest in Louisville, where the successful candidate, Mr. Henry S. Tyler, is, it seems, the youngest man who has ever been appointed to important office in that bustling and prosperous city. Mr. Tyler was the representative of the regular Democratic party, and was supported by the leading papers and by what we should call the "machine" in New York. Fortunately, however, the "machine" in Louisville varies from its notorious prototype in commanding the support of a goodly majority of the responsible and respectable classes. Mr. P. Booker Reed, the opposition candidate, seems to have been a seceder fighting for his own hand, an independent suitor for office, running on the reputation of being a shrewd and capable man, of having made a very respectable Mayor some six years ago, and on the backing of an eminent sporting politician, one Colonel Whelan, who aspires to be a "boss."

Mr. Tyler comes of an excellent Louisville family, and was born September 20, 1851, and is therefore thirty-nine years of age. He has been a successful man of business, and the manager of a large estate, the property of his mother. Having received an excellent education, he became somewhat noted in local politics, and was recognized as trustworthy, progressive, and sagacious. Social distinction goes far in a city like Louisville, and indeed in all Southern communities, to build up a man's political career; and Mr. Tyler's family and connections gave him strength in this direction. He was a member of the City Council for six years, and for half this period he acted as President of the Board, to the satisfaction of his fellow-Councilmen and the public. Mr. Tyler went before the public for their suffrages in this last campaign on the basis of certain needed reforms, such as reduction of municipal taxation, "making both ends meet" in city finances (which it would seem Louisville has been able to do only with great difficulty), reduction of the bonded debt and economy of administration, the establishment of a Board of Public Works, the creation of the office of Comptroller of Public Accounts, and putting the police, city engineers, and fire departments on the foundation of civil service reform. If the new Mayor succeed in taking these important departments of administration out of politics and running them on a business basis, he will have achieved something which will make Louisville a model for other cities, and give him a big start in his climb toward higher ambitions. It was his consummate ability as Mayor of Buffalo that laid the whole foundation of Mr. Cleveland's after success.

Mr. Tyler's physical size is in inverse ratio to the estimation in which he is held by his townsmen. He is only five feet two inches in height, and of corresponding weight. We are accustomed to think of the human breed grown on the Kentucky limestone as big-boned, massive, and impressive in appearance—veritable sons of Anak. His stalwart constituents appear to have found in their new Mayor qualities which fully compensate for the lack of endowments which go to the butcher and the prize-fighter as well as to the statesman and the man of genius. It is rather a unique distinction to be the smallest and youngest man ever appointed to the most important public office in a big city. The new Mayor is said to be a man of much wit and social cleverness, and to be mated with a wife who has lent similar qualities to the furtherance of her husband's ambition. Mr. Tyler was married in 1882 to Miss Mary Creel, daughter of a family prominent in Louisville social circles. In the mayoralty canvass Mrs. Tyler took a very active part, and is believed to have contributed greatly to her husband's success, and to have literally fulfilled the etymology of the word "ambition" in the ancient Roman sense. She attended labor-union meetings, canvassed in person, and asked all whom she knew or could get acquainted with for their votes. With customary Southern chivalry the leading paper opposed to the Tyler candidacy remarks, after effusive compliments to the lady, "The chiefest speck of pleasure the *Post* can find in the result of the election is that this noble woman is not doomed to disappointment." Mr. Tyler will quit the starting-post, to use a metaphor which all sons of the blue-grass country will appreciate, with an excellent prospect for a successful mayoralty.



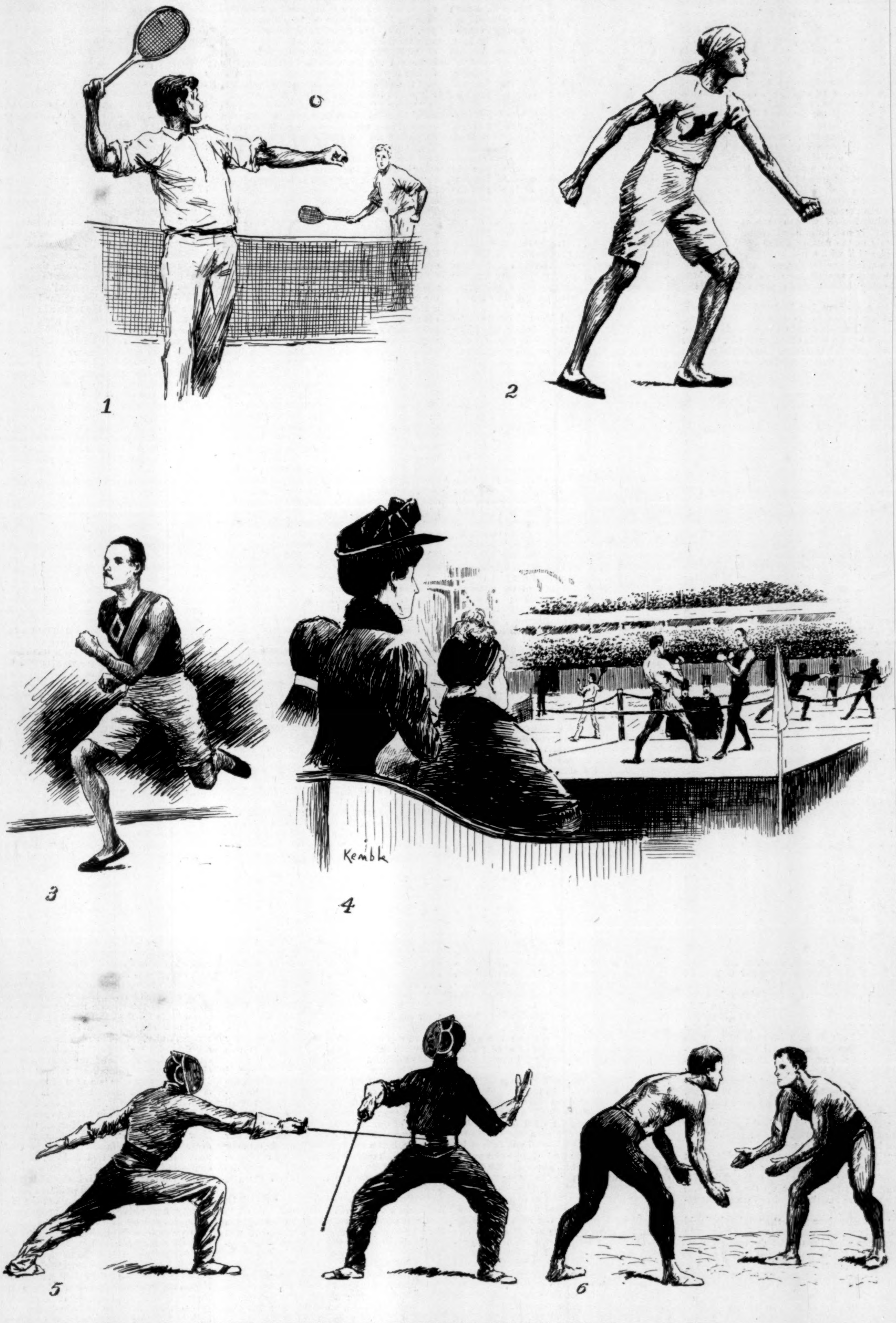
JOHN L. M. IRBY, SENATOR-ELECT FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 999.]

CHIEF JOHN GRASS.

"SITTING BULL."

CHIEF GALL.

A TRIO OF INDIAN CHIEFS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRY, WEST SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN.—[SEE PAGE 995.]



SKETCHES AT THE ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT AT THE MADISON SQUARE GARDEN.—DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE.—[SEE PAGE 999.]

1. Tennis Cracks at Play. 2. Wendell Baker, Harvard's great Sprinter, Toes the Scratch. 3. Luther Carey, Princeton's great Runner, doing 70 Yards in 7.3-5 Seconds. 4. Opposite the Boxing Platform. 5. A Bout with the Foils. 6. Wrestling—Looking for a Hold.

FOR THE HONOR OF FRANCE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

"PARDON! Madame does not know that this is a smoking carriage?"

"But yes. Monsieur is very good. It is that my husband would smoke. He is an old soldier. He smokes all the time. *Ciel!* They are like chimneys, these old soldiers. This man of mine regrets that he cannot smoke when he is asleep!"

While Madame delivered this address she continued also to mount the steps, and as she finished it she seated herself in the corner of the carriage opposite to me. She was short and round and sixty years old, and smiling like the sun on a fine day. Her dress was the charming dress of Arles, but over her kerchief she wore a silk mantle that glittered with an embroidery of jet beads. This mantle was precious to her. Her first act upon seating herself was to take it off, fold it carefully in a large handkerchief, and lay it safely in the netting above her head. She replaced it with a red knitted shawl, partly as a shield against the dust, and partly as a protection against the fresh wind that was blowing briskly down the valley of the Rhone.

In a moment her husband followed her, bowing to me as he entered the carriage. Seating himself beside her, and giving her plump hand a little affectionate pat, he said: "It is all right, little one. Marie will receive her jelly in good condition. I myself saw that the basket was placed right side up in the carriage. The jelly will not spill." Then, turning to me, he added: "My wife makes a wonderful jelly of apricots, Monsieur. We are taking some of it to our married daughter, who lives in Avignon."

He was a well set up old boy, with a face most pleasantly frank, close-cut gray hair, short gray whiskers, and a bristling white mustache. Across his forehead, cutting through his right eyebrow, was a desperate scar, that I at once associated in my own mind with the red ribbon of the Legion that he wore in the button-hole of his black frock-coat. He looked the officer in retreat, and the very gentleness and sweetness of his manner made me sure that he had done some gallant fighting in his time.

As the train pulled out from the station—it was at Tarascon that they had joined me—he drew forth from his pocket a black little wooden pipe and a tobacco bag. This was my opportunity. I also drew forth a pipe and a tobacco bag. Would Monsieur accept some of my tobacco? I asked. I had brought it from America, I added; it was tobacco of the Havana.

"Monsieur then is an American. That is interesting. And his tobacco is from the Havana, that is more interesting still. My cousin's son has been for many years in America. His name is Marius Guiraud; he lives in San Francisco; possibly Monsieur and he have met?"

Monsieur regretted that he had not had this pleasure, and explained that his home was in New York—three times as far from San Francisco as Marseilles was from Paris.

"Name of a name! Is it possible? How vast this America must be! And they tell me—" Here he struck a wax match and paused to light his pipe. He drew a dozen whiffs in silence, while on his face was the thoughtful look of one whose taste in tobacco was critical and whose love for it was strong.

"Thunder of guns, but it is good!" he exclaimed, as he took the pipe from his mouth and passed it lightly back and forth beneath his nose. "Had we smoked tobacco like this in the Crimea we should have whipped those rascal Russians in a single week. Ah, that we often were without tobacco was the hardest part of all. I have smoked coffee grounds and hay, Monsieur, and have been thankful to get them—I myself, who well know what is good and what is not good in a pipe! This tobacco—it is divine!"

"Monsieur served in the Crimea?"

"This is the proof of it," he said, a little grimly, touching the scar on his forehead.

"And this," his wife added, touching the bit of red ribbon in his button-hole. "He was the bravest man in all that war, Monsieur, this old husband of mine. His cross was given him by—"

"Tchut, little one! What does Monsieur care how I got my cross? It was not much that I did. Any man would have done the same."

"But the others did *not* do the same. They ran away and left thee to do it alone. Did not his Majesty tell thee—"

"Ah, Monsieur hears what a *babillarde* it is. If she were given her own way she would swear that I commanded the allied armies, and that I blew up the Redan and stormed the Malakoff and captured Sebastopol all alone!"

"Tell Monsieur what thou didst do," said the little woman warmly. "Tell him truly precisely what thou didst do, and then let him judge for himself if what I have said be one bit less than thy due."

"And so bring Monsieur to know that I am a babbling old woman like thyself?" He pinched her gently, and then settled himself back against the cushion as though with the intention of giving himself wholly to the enjoyment of his pipe: yet was there a look in his eyes that showed how strong was the desire within him—the desire that is natural to every brave and simple-minded old soldier—to tell the story of his honorable scars. Even had I felt no desire to hear this story, not to have pressed him to tell it would have been cruel. But little pressing was required.

"Since Monsieur is good enough to desire to hear what little there is to tell," he said, "and to show him how foolish is this old woman of mine, I will tell him the whole affair. It is a stupid nothing; but Monsieur may be amused by the trick that was put upon me by those great generals—yes, that certainly was droll.

"Our regiment, Monsieur, was the Twenty-seventh of the Line. It was drawn almost wholly from the towns and villages in these parts: Arles and Tarascon and Saint-Remy and Salon and Maillane and Château Renard—there is the old château, over on the hill yonder, beside the Durance—and Barbentane, that we shall see presently around the corner of the hill. We all were *provençeaux* together, and the men of the other regiments of our division gave us the name of the Provence cats—though why they gave us that foolish name I am sure they never knew any more than we did ourselves. It was not because we were cowards, that I will swear: our regiment did some very pretty fighting in its time, as any one may know by reading the reports which were published in the gazettes of those days.

"Our division held Mont Sapoune—the French right, you know—facing the Little Redan across the Carenage Ravine. It was early in the siege, and we had only drawn our first parallel: close against the Selinghinsk and Vallyrie redoubts, and partly covering the ground where we dug our rifle pits later on. But we were going ahead with our work fast, and already we had thrown up the little redoubts known as No. 11 and No. 15, that covered the advancing earthwork leading to where our second parallel was to begin. Redoubt No. 11 was a good hundred yards, and Redoubt No. 15 was more than three times that distance outside of our lines; and everybody knew that these two advanced posts would be in great danger until our second parallel was well under way. So very possible was it that they might be surprised, and the guns turned on our own lines in support of a general attack, that in each of them spikes and hammers were kept in readiness against the need for spiking the guns before they fell into the enemy's hands. Our regiment lay just behind these redoubts, in the rear of the artillerymen who manned our trenches; and as the gunners had plenty to do all day long, and through the night too sometimes, the work of keeping up the night pickets fell to our share.

"It was while things were this way that I was on picket early one morning on our extreme left, close over the edge of the Carenage Ravine. I had come on with the midnight relief, and by five o'clock in the morning, when day was just breaking, my teeth were chattering and I was stiff with cold. Name of a name, but it was cold those winter mornings! We have nothing like it, even when the worst mistral is blowing, in our winters here in Provence. Down in the ravine there was a thick mist, into which I could not see at all. But every now and then a whiff of wind would come in from the seaward and thin it a little; and then I would give a good look below me—for it was along the ravine that any party sent out to surprise us almost certainly would come.

"It was while the light still was faint that I thought I heard, coming up through the mist, a little rattling sound, such as might be made by a man stumbling and dropping his musket among the broken rocks. Just then the mist was too thick for me to see twenty feet below me. I was sure that something bad was going on down there, but I did not want to make a fool of myself by giving a false alarm. All that I could do was to cock my musket and to hold it pointed toward where the sound seemed to come from, all ready—should there be need for it—to give the alarm and get in a shot at the enemy at the same time. Truly, Monsieur, it seemed to me that I stood that way, while my heart went pounding against my ribs, for a whole year! I was no longer cold: the blood was racing through my veins, and I was everywhere in a glow. Suddenly there came a puff of wind, and as the mist thinned for a moment I saw that the whole ravine was full of Russians. Their advance already was half-way up the bank nearest to our works. In less than ten minutes the whole of them would be dashing into our outlying redoubts. As I pulled the trigger of my musket I tried to shout, but my throat was as dry as a furnace and I could only gasp. And—will you believe it?—my musket missed fire! Name of a name, what a state I was in! There was the enemy coming on under cover of the mist; and there was I, the only man who could save our army, standing dumb like a useless fool!

"What I must do came to me like a flash. If I ran back inside of our lines to give the alarm, the chances were a thousand to one that the enemy would have the outlying redoubt, very likely would have them both, and would turn the guns before help could come. But I knew, at least I hoped, that there was time for me to get to the more exposed redoubt ahead of them and give the word to spike the guns. It was all in an instant, I say, that I found this thought in my mind, and my musket and cartridge-box thrown I don't know where, and myself dashing off through the mist across the broken ground like a deer.

"As I rushed into the redoubt our men thought that I was the Russians; and when they knew me by my uniform for a Frenchman, and heard me crying in a hoarse whisper, 'Spike the guns!' they thought that I was mad. But the lieutenant in command of the battery had at least a little sense, even if he did not have much courage, and he looked toward where I pointed—and then he saw the shakos, as the mist lifted again, not a hundred feet away.

"'Save yourselves, I will make the guns safe,' he cried to his men—he was not all a coward, poor fellow—and as they ran for it he picked up the spikes and the hammer. Tap! tap! tap! one gun was spiked. Tap! tap! tap! another. Then we heard the Russians beginning to scramble up outside.

"He swore a great oath as he dropped the hammer. 'It can't be done. Run, cat!' he cried—and away he started after his men. The name that I called him as he ran away, Monsieur, was a very foul name; God forgive me for what I said! But I was determined that it *should* be done. In a second I had picked up the nails and the hammer, and—tap! tap! tap!—the third gun was safe. 'Run, cat!' I heard the lieutenant call again. But—tap!—I had the nail started in the last gun, and then, right above me, was a Russian major and with him a dozen of his men. Tap! and I had the nail half-way home as the major jumped down beside me, with his sword raised. I knew that I could parry his blow with the hammer and then, possibly, get away; but I wanted to make sure that that gun could not be turned. And so—it was quick thinking that I did just then, Monsieur—tap! and the gun was no better than old iron! At that same instant it seemed to me that the whole world burst into a tremendous roar and ten thousand blazing stars—but it only was the sword of that confounded Russian major banging against my skull!"

The little woman was almost sobbing. She took her husband's hand in both of hers.

"But you see that I was *not* killed, little one," he said; and he raised her hands to his lips and kissed them.

"It was not until the next day, Monsieur," he went on, "that I knew anything. Then I was in the hospital.

"'How did it go?' I asked of the hospital steward.

"'Shut up,' said the steward.

"This made me angry. 'How did it go, *polisson?*' I cried. 'Tell me, or I'll crush your bones.'

"Then the man was more civil. 'The Russians were driven back,' he said, 'and a lot of them were captured. You owe it to the same Russian major who almost killed you that your life was saved. As soon as he was brought into camp he sent a message to the general begging that you might be looked after quickly. If there was any life left in you, it was worth saving, he said, for you were a brave man—and he told how you had spiked those last two guns. Parbleu, but for that message you would have died. When they brought you in here you were nearly gone.'

"'And the lieutenant who ran away?' I asked.

"'Oh, he was killed—as he deserved. Now you know all about it. Hold your tongue.'

"I felt so foolishly weak, and there was such a pain in my head as I began to remember it all once more, that I could not ask any more questions. Presently my head began to buzz and the pain in it to get worse, and then for a week I had a fever that came near to taking me off. But I pulled through"—he squeezed his wife's hand, that again had been laid in his—"and in three weeks I was back with the regiment again. It was all due to my having such a wonderfully thick skull, the doctors said, that the major's sword had not broken it past all mending. When I came into camp the boys all cheered me, and I was as proud as a cock. And then, the first thing I knew, up came a corporal and a file of men and arrested me.

"'What am I arrested for?' I asked.

"'For being absent without leave from your regiment during battle,' said the corporal, and marched me off to the guard-house. Then I was not proud at all. But I was very angry. That I should be arrested in this fashion did not seem to me fair.

"In half an hour back came the corporal and his file of men. This time they took me to head-quarters. In we went; and the corporal stood beside me, and his men behind me in a row. It seemed as though half the officers of our army were there: my colonel, the general of our brigade, the general of our division, half a dozen other generals, three or four English officers in their smart red coats; presently there was a stir—and in came the Emperor! What the deuce it all meant I could not tell at all!

"'Private Labonne,' said my colonel, he spoke in a very harsh tone, yet it seemed to me that there was an odd sort of twinkle in his eye—'you deserted your post, and you were absent without leave when your regiment went into action.'

"'Yes, but—'

"'Not a word of excuse, Private Labonne. You know the penalty.' I did know the penalty, of course; it was to be taken out and shot. I began to think that this was worse than the Russians!

"'When shall I order the court-martial, your Majesty?' asked my colonel.

"'I will be the court-martial,' said the Emperor. 'This is a serious matter; this is a matter to be dealt with in a hurry. The case is proved. There is no need for a trial. I order Private Labonne to be shot right away.'

"I shivered all down my back. It *was* worse than the Russians; very much worse.

"'Take him away,' said my colonel.

The corporal put his hand on my shoulder and the guard closed in. 'March!' said the corporal.

"'Stop!' said the Emperor. 'Private Labonne, before you are taken away and shot, tell me what you were doing in that battery.'

"'Nothing, your Majesty.'

"'Nothing? I thought that I heard something about guns being spiked. Did not you spike a gun, Private Labonne?'

"'Yes, your Majesty.'

"'Did not you spike two guns—and both of them after the gunners and the officer in command of the battery had run away?'

"'Yes, your Majesty.'

"'And why did not you run away too, Private Labonne?'

"'Because I wanted to spike the guns, your Majesty.'

"'You did not think, then, that it was your duty as one of my soldiers to save your life by running with the others?'

"This question puzzled me, for I certainly never had thought of the matter in that way at all. It occurred to me that perhaps I really had not done my duty. But what the Emperor said, for all that he was the Emperor, did not seem reasonable, and I made bold to answer him: 'If I had taken care of my own life, your Majesty, a great many of your soldiers would have died to pay for it. It would have been a bad day's work if those two guns had not been spiked, for the Russians certainly would have turned them on our lines.'

"The Emperor turned to my colonel. 'There is something in what Private Labonne says, eh, colonel? I suppose there really would have been the very devil to pay had the enemy turned those guns?'

"'I suppose there would,' said my colonel, a little grimly.

"'Then the case is not quite so black against Private Labonne as it at first appeared?'

"'Not quite so black,' said my colonel.

"'Perhaps we need not have him shot, after all?'

"'Perhaps not—not this time, at least.'

"'We might even compliment him a little upon his bravery. For it was rather brave—eh, colonel?—to stay in that battery and spike those guns, while a hundred Russians were tumbling in upon him, and his own comrades had run off and left him to do his duty and to die for it there alone.'

"My colonel's voice broke a little as he answered, 'It was very brave, your Majesty.'

"'Eh, well, Private Labonne,' said the Emperor, turning again to me, 'we won't shoot you. Your colonel is right about your bravery; and to shoot a brave man, except in battle, is a mistake. The Russian officer who came so near to killing you was a major, I am told; well, you may happen to meet him again, and if you do it is only fair that your rank should equal his. Here is your commission, Major Labonne; and here is a little thing'—it was his own cross of the Legion that the Emperor gave me—'that I want you to wear in remembrance of that day when you did as brave a piece of work as ever was done by a French soldier for the honor of France!'

"And so you see, Monsieur, it was only a comedy about my being shot, after all. Here is Avignon. You must wait for me a moment, little one, while I get the basket of jelly for Marie."

THE AMERICAN CHURCH IN PARIS.

ONE of the best pieces of work by Sir Gilbert Street, the famous architect, is the American Church in Paris. Doctor John B. Morgan, the present incumbent, who has been in the pastorate for the past fifteen years—his former church having been a comparatively small one in the Rue de Berri—was largely responsible for the completion of this beautiful new church, which is known as the Holy Trinity. To his zealous efforts and the financial assistance of his wealthy relatives is due much of the success which characterizes this important religious work. Doctor Morgan, who is a man of great force of character and much beloved, is a cousin of Doctor William F. Morgan, late rector of St. Thomas's Church in Fifth Avenue, and a brother-in-law of Pierpont Morgan, the great New York banker. Doctor Morgan's congregation, which is famed all over the Continent for its wealth and fashion, is justly considered one of the sights of Paris, and the tourist who fails to visit it is thought to have missed one of the principal points of interest in that great city. The Church of the Holy Trinity has proved a great boon to the American colony as well as to the tourists who are constantly passing through the city.

In the accompanying illustration the artist has evidently sketched the outpouring congregation on a fine spring morning, when the leaves are green, and the bright sunlight falling on the exquisite stained windows makes them glow as if composed of a thousand precious stones. The massive Gothic front and beautiful entrance to the church are also pleasantly relieved by the same agency. A fine old tree casts its shadow on the broad pavement; the figures in the scene constitute representative types of the best English and American society in Paris; and altogether

the picture presents an interesting phase of what seems to Americans very much like home life set down in the midst of that fashionable foreign quarter.

The Church of the Holy Trinity, which is of purely Gothic architecture, and built of massive Caen stone inside and out, was dedicated three years ago last September, and completed with the exception of the great tower over the cloistered entrance adjoining the main façade. The majestic building faces the broad Avenue de l'Alma, near the Hippodrome, and extends to a newly opened street in the rear, thus affording numerous avenues of exit. The nave is well proportioned with six wide bays, while the choir with its three lofty and narrow bays, ending with one low broad and two long narrow arches under the large windows, permits a narrow invisible ambulatory passage behind the altar, strongly reminding one of the east end of Salisbury Cathedral. The internal mural arcading under the aisle windows is also a very pleasing feature. The aisles and choir windows, beginning at the southwest corner, and carried in regular order around the church, illustrates the Te Deum.

The large chancel window illustrates the text "Thou art the King of Glory, O Christ!" in which a noble seated figure of the Saviour appears in the central division, supported by angels, while at either side are shown the twenty-four elders of the New Jerusalem, arranged in six tiers of four each, with their harps in their hands. There are twenty windows already executed after the best-known Scriptural designs, and the twelve clere-story windows are not yet filled, although the glass has been ordered, and its decoration is now in progress.

The large vestry is quite unique, with its various carved objects representing subjects from mediæval art. An enormous choir-practising room also connects with the extensive cloisters, and through a portion of the latter, after issuing from the music-room, the clergy and choristers always wend before entering the choir by the northeast door. On state occasions, such as those of festivals and weddings, the white-robed procession passes through the entire length of the cloisters, and after coming in by the southwest entrance under the unfinished tower, wends its way up the entire nave.

The choristers, who are famed for the sweetness of their voices and the accuracy of their training, are brought from London with engagements for one year, but often remain much longer, as the church educates them both musically and secularly, and pays all the expenses of their living. Daily choral service has been maintained ever since the opening of the church, and this is one of the most popular features, because it brings the rector into closer and more constant relations with his people than the more formal Sunday service.

Beneath the church there is a mortuary chapel, which is a great convenience to Americans travelling or residing in Paris, as it furnishes a temporary abiding-place for their dead.

THE SENATOR-ELECT FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

The fierce and excited political campaign of the past autumn which resulted in the election of Captain B. R. Tillman as Governor of South Carolina, also secured the control of the General Assembly to members representing the Farmers' Alliance. Following the organization of that body has come, as was naturally expected, the election of a United States Senator selected as a Representative by the Alliance. Colonel John Laurens Manning Irby was on Thursday, December 11th, chosen by the South Carolina Legislature to succeed Senator Wade Hampton for six years in the United States Senate. The vote for him on the fourth and decisive ballot was 105, against 42 for General Wade Hampton and 10 for M. P. Donaldson.

Colonel Irby's election is the result of the political and social revolution which began under the leadership of Tillman last March, and was carried to a triumphant conclusion in the November election. The new Senator, who is descended from one of the oldest and most honored families of South Carolina, was born in Laurens County, South Carolina, September 10, 1854. His father was Colonel James A. Irby, a distinguished lawyer, politician, and large and successful planter; and his grandfather, Captain William Irby, served in the Revolutionary war. Three of his granduncles were murdered by the Tories at Hays's Station, South Carolina. On his mother's side Colonel Irby is descended from the Earles—a name which has been distinguished in South Carolina for generations, the Attorney-General of the outgoing administration, Colonel Joseph H. Earle, being a member of this family.

Colonel Irby was educated at the University of Virginia, and afterward attended Princeton College for some time. He studied law under Associate Justice McIver, of South Carolina, and was admitted to the bar in 1876. He practised his profession several years at Laurens, but in 1878 abandoned the law to engage in agricultural pursuits, and retired to his plantation in Laurens County. By good management and close attention to the affairs of his estate, he became independent in means, and although not a rich man, he is now rated one of the most prosperous and progressive farmers in this State. He lives on his plantation, which is managed under his personal supervision. He was an active worker in the famous Hampton campaign of 1876, and organized a military company in Laurens, of which he was made Captain, and subsequently was chosen a staff officer under Governor Hampton, with the rank of Colonel. He has always been a Democrat, and up to the present year acted politically with the Hampton-Butler wing of his party. He was elected to the House of Representatives of South Carolina in 1886, in 1888, and in 1890.

Prominent in the farmers' movement from the first, when the new party division was organized in March of the present year, Colonel Irby took a vigorous part in carrying its political purposes to success. He was an ardent follower of Captain B. R. Tillman, and was one of his most trusted advisers in the recent remarkable campaign in South Carolina. He was the leader of the Alliance in his county, and prominent in its councils in the State. He was regarded as a man for political preferment, and when the Tillman wing of the Democratic party secured control of the party machinery, Colonel Irby was made chairman of the State Executive Committee. The management of the late campaign was intrusted to him, and at the assembling of the Legislature he was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives. His election as United States Senator indicates the appreciation of his party for his energetic and well-devised efforts to make the revolution successful.

Colonel Irby is a man of fine physique, ruddy complexion, and perfect health. His movements are quick, his perception prompt and clear. He makes no pretension to scholarship, but is generally well informed, and is a ready debater and forcible speaker. He is a member of the Baptist Church. Although an indefatigable worker and of great tenacity of purpose, he has spoken but little this session, and will probably appear but seldom in debate in the United States Senate. He is thirty-six years of age, and will be the youngest member of that body.

His political position in the Senate, as announced by himself, will be that of a Democrat in full accord with the policy of National Democracy. Whatever is to be gained for the Alliance must, he believes, be obtained through the Democratic party.

THE LATE DANIEL B. FAYERWEATHER.

Daniel B. Fayerweather died at his home in New York city on November 15th. He was senior member of the firm of Fayerweather & Ladew, leather merchants, of Spruce Street, and on December 8th his will was filed for probate. When the contents of the will were made known, it was found that Mr. Fayerweather had disposed of the greater part of his fortune in bequests to educational institutions and hospitals, and it was also discovered that the fortune of Mr. Fayerweather exceeded any idea of his friends. Daniel B. Fayerweather was born in Stepney, Connecticut, in 1821. As a boy he was apprenticed to a farmer of that State, and his early life was one of hard labor, yet that work was so well performed that before his term of apprenticeship had expired he was released from all obligations. He then took his way to Bridgeport, and began to learn the trade of a shoemaker; but his health became poor after a time, and he was obliged to give up the business. Being thrown again upon his resources, he went to Norfolk, Virginia, and starting out as a tin peddler, he made a tour of the State, receiving hides where money was not to be obtained for his wares. This life soon brought health with it, and before long he was able to return to his old business of shoemaking. It was while he was in New York that a firm of leather dealers—Hoyt Brothers—desired him to enter their employ. He acceded to their demand, and so well did he fulfil their expectations that he received a share in the business at the end of a twelvemonth. At that time he was thirty-four years of age, and married. That move was the beginning of his success, which he steadily increased, and at the time of his death he represented the largest hide and leather business in New York, if not, as it is claimed, of the world. His business associates of the "Swamp," as the leather district of Spruce, Ferry, and Gold streets is called, were much surprised at the amount of his fortune when the terms of the will were made public, although the disposition of the money did not attract so much comment.

Mr. Fayerweather was of a retiring and modest disposition, and his mode of life was of the simplest, simplicity and modesty being ever characteristic of the man in private and business life. The possession of wealth made no change in his manners, and he was widely known and universally beloved by all with whom he came in closest contact. As a business man, he was most efficient and looked up to by all the trade, and his labor was unremitting. The large fortune which he amassed was due to his individual efforts, and appreciating the advantages of education, which he himself had not enjoyed, it was an early hope of his to be able to do something for the advancement of the same. He made little reference to himself, but he occasionally referred to his wealth as a means whereby others could be benefited. At the age of sixty-nine he passed away, leaving an estate estimated at $6,000,000, nearly one-half of which is disposed of in a manner that argues a careful and thoughtful consideration of the entire matter.

Mr. Fayerweather left no children, and his wife, Lucy, who survives him, is an invalid. The latter is richly provided for during her lifetime, while several bequests have been made to the children of his brother and personal friends and employés. Then, according to the terms of the will, two million one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars ($2,195,000) are left to various institutions to be divided as follows:

To Yale College is given $300,000 (one-third of this amount is to be used for the Sheffield Scientific School connected with the college); Columbia College receives $200,000; Cornell University, $200,000; Williams College, $100,000; Amherst College, $100,000; Wesleyan University, $100,000; Hamilton College, $100,000; University of Rochester, $100,000; Lincoln University, $100,000; University of Virginia, at Charlotteville, Virginia, $100,000; Hampton University, Virginia, $100,000; Maryville College, Tennessee, $100,000; Union Theological Seminary, New York, as a special fund for the endowment of cadetships, subject to the direction of the Board of Trustees, $50,000; Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, $50,000; Marietta College, Ohio, $50,000; Adelbert College, Ohio, $50,000; Park College, Missouri, $50,000; Wabash College, Indiana, $50,000; Bowdoin College, $100,000; and Dartmouth College, $100,000.

The hospitals of New York city are benefited as follows: The Presbyterian Hospital, $25,000; St. Luke's Hospital, $25,000; The Manhattan Ear and Eye Infirmary, $25,000; The Women's Hospital, $10,000; and The Mount Sinai Hospital, $10,000.

The executors of this will, who are also named as the residuary legatees, are Justus L. Bulkley, Thomas G. Ritch, and Henry B. Vaughan. The will was originally executed in 1884, but numerous codicils have been added from time to time, the last being dated on the day of his death. The widow, who at first consented to the probate of the will, has given notice of an intention to contest it. In this she is joined by the heirs-at-law, the three nieces of Mr. Fayerweather.

A RONDEAU FOR WINTER.

"WHEN PHYLLIS SKATES."

When Phyllis skates she calls to mind
A red rose nodding in the wind,
A sea-nymph dancing on the sand
When blows the breeze from off the land
And trails her tresses brown behind,
A sea-gull to the waves inclined,
While crystal drops like jewels bind
The wings. As one entranced I stand
When Phyllis skates.

The picture in my mind enshrined—
Her form against the snow outlined;
Hills robed in white on either hand—
Would make a painting simply grand.
I dare deny that Love is blind
When Phyllis skates.

Flavel Scott Mines.

AN AMATEUR ATHLETIC TOURNAMENT.

In-door athletic meetings have frequently been held in the old Madison Square Garden, and under adverse circumstances they were generally successful, but it was left for the Staten Island Athletic Club to prove that the new Garden is well adapted for winter games, where out-door sport of all kinds may be carried on with but few drawbacks, and in comfort. The great three days' meeting of this club which concluded on Saturday night last was one of the best of the kind ever seen; in fact the thousands of spectators were highly delighted with the varied sports which were carried on each night. As is often the case in large meetings, there were many slips in the management, but none was serious enough to mar the pleasure of the on-looker; and the next time anything of the kind is attempted, the experience which has been gained will be useful.

A mere enumeration of the different events on the programme would show variety enough to please the average spectator, and certainly quality was not lacking in the performers. It would be difficult to say which of the many games pleased the most, but certainly the lacrosse matches were greeted with great applause. The foot-ball games, under Association rules, seemed to be highly enjoyed by the people who were present on Saturday night, and there is every prospect of its making rapid strides in public favor. The Garden is not quite large enough to contain a full-sized foot-ball or lacrosse field, but it answered the purpose very well. The best attendance was on Saturday night, and there seemed to be no reason why other meetings of the kind should not become popular. The lighting is about as near daylight as is possible, and it was only occasionally that the lacrosse ball was lost to sight as it was hurled from one end of the field to the other. Hundreds of ladies were among the spectators, and many were the expressions of admiration when particularly good playing was seen. If the in-door games are to be continued, it would be advisable to build a permanent track, the present one being very bad.

There was a bewildering array of attractions on Thursday night—too many, in fact. In the final heat of the half-mile run there was an excellent contest, and the handicapper is entitled to much praise for equalizing the men so well. The race was in doubt up to the last ten yards, and no one could tell which of the competitors would win. T. B. Turner, of Princeton, won first place by about six inches over E. H. Whittoch of the Prospect Harriers, and C. De Casonova, of the Manhattan Athletic Club, was third. E. W. Goffe won the 220 yards hurdle race in good style; F. C. Puffer was second, and E. M. Barnes was third. Again E. C. Carter did some good handicapping. The three-mile bicycle race went to H. C. Schirmer, with A. Steiger second, and J. W. Judge third. The fencing contests were many and interesting, Dr. G. M. Hammond winning in both the foil and duelling sword competitions. C. G. Bothner was second, and John Allaire third, in the bouts with foils; and in the matches with duelling swords R. B. Malchien was second, and J. W. Gerard third. A. Ullman was the winner in the 135-pound wrestling class, and in the 115-pound class R. S. Baird took first place. W. McGarry won in the 135-pound boxing class, while W. Kenny showed his superiority in the 115-pound class. The lawn-tennis match resulted in a victory for Hobart and Post. W. T. Young won the one-mile steeple-chase.

Although much interest was shown in the exhibition runs of seventy yards made by Luther L. Carey and Fred Westing, of the Manhattan Athletic Club—both doing excellent work—it was not until Wendell Baker and W. D. Day came on the track that there was any great enthusiasm. Baker came first, and after a little warming up, ran around the track three times at top speed. He is undoubtedly the fastest man in America at anything under 1000 yards, and there is no runner whose style is so good. It was a real treat to watch him. Then came Day, the best of the distance men. Five times around the track he ran, and cleared the hurdles in a way no other man in America can. He was loudly applauded, and deserved every bit of it.

Friday night saw the seventy yards handicap dash won by W. H. Heaton, with A. W. Allen second, and C. S. Amwake third. The quarter-mile run went to P. F. Burns, and second place was taken by B. Van Cleef, Jun., S. Corbett being third. E. Gunnesson won the mile walk from W. Brunnhuber and Lloyd Collis; and the running high jump was a tie between F. H. Schaefer and S. A. McCumber; the latter winning on a toss. A. Nickerson, the champion, was third. Then came a lacrosse match between the Staten Island and the Manhattan Athletic Club teams, which the former won, after a rattling contest, by a score of three goals to one, and everybody seemed to be delighted with the game. The next thing on the programme was a foot-ball match between the Senior Class eleven of Yale and a Springfield (Massachusetts) team, of which Stagg was the captain, and which Yale won by a score of 16 to 10. It was a well-played game, and there were no mishaps.

Saturday night was devoted entirely to foot-ball and lacrosse, and nearly every seat in the great Garden was filled, and every move of the players was greeted with applause both hearty and prolonged. The first foot-ball match was between the University of Pennsylvania and Rutgers, and the latter was outplayed from the beginning. In about one minute after the ball was "dribbled," Wagenhurst made a touch-down, Church nursing the goal. Five minutes more, and another touch-down was made—this time by Camp—and a goal was kicked. Then there was some desperate work by Rutgers, and Whiteneck succeeded in carrying the ball behind Pennsylvania's goal posts, and a goal resulted from the kick. Wagenhurst soon scored another touch-down, no goal resulting; and then Branson did the same thing, from which a goal was kicked. Rutgers got a touch-down, but failed in the try at goal after a very pretty run by De Witt. Pennsylvania was then forced to make a safety touch-down, and the thirty minutes were up, Pennsylvania winning by 20 to 12.

The next match was between the Portchester Gaelic and the New York Gaelic Society teams, under Gaelic Association rules, and much merriment resulted. The ball was constantly in motion, and was kicked and batted through the air to the great delight of the spectators; there was no wild rushing with the ball under a player's arms, but half of the time it was in the air. It was something new to the spectators, and if the applause was any evidence, they were greatly pleased with the exhibition. The Portchesters were beaten by 3 goals and 8 points to 1 goal and 5 points. Then came an exhibition of lacrosse, in which the Staten Island team beat the Manhattan team 2 to 1. The Manhattan Athletic Club presented a team of Princeton men of former years against an eleven composed largely of this year's Princeton 'Varsity team, and won by 16 to 5. It was a well-played match. The last match of the evening was under Rugby rules, and a Canadian team won from a New York team by 5 to 3. New York's score was made by one of the best kicks from the field ever seen, C. B. Keil scoring the goal by a long straight punt.

The success of the meeting was due to the work of the managing committee, consisting of F. W. Janssen, J. W. Edwards, and G. M. McKellar. They worked hard, and fully deserve the praise they have received.

Charles P. Sawyer.

FARMING.

XVI.

JUST at the time when autumn with busy brush painted wood and meadow in an opulence of cardinal and gold, and the partridge whirred from coverts of beech and cedar, and all the land was wrapped in draperies of drifting haze, the air became full of the glory of the approaching annual county fair. I went to this grand aggregation of vegetable and other triumphs partly as a matter of duty and partly to enjoy the victorious happiness of others, even if I could not boast of any myself.

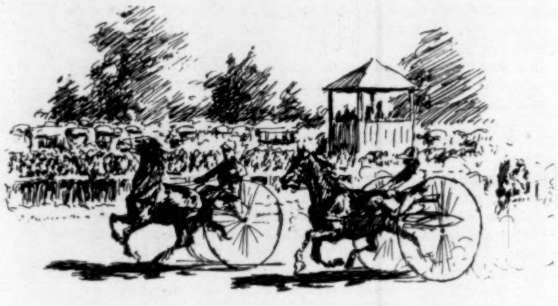
I am willing to admit that when I saw the wonderful specimens on exhibition, and thought of my impotent efforts for success in the useful field of agriculture, envy painted me a deep rich green. There were pumpkins lying about in profusion that would have proved amply spacious for Cinderella's coach and four, and suggested Golcondas of spicy, toothsome pie. There were egg-plants quite as large as small watermelons, and great pot-bellied squashes, each of which bore a striking resemblance to a carafe.

"It is more than passing strange," I ventured to remark, "that these farmers about me should achieve such success, and I none whatever."

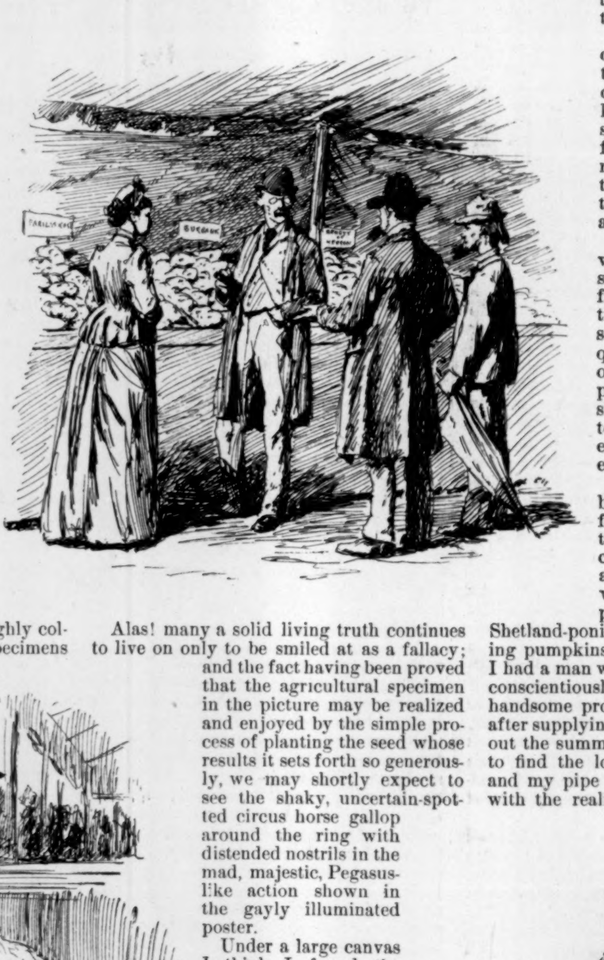
"I think I know why they have been so fortunate," said Phillada.

"And why, pray?" I asked.

"Because they must have had the foresight to purchase their seeds from the dealers who print highly colored plates showing the mammoth specimens that result from using their specialties. We have thus learned one golden business truth, namely, that there are seedsmen who do not falsify their salsify or anything else in each and every gorgeous chromatic still-life displayed in their annual catalogues."



Can it be possible, I reflected, that, after all, these seed-catalogue pictures are really from life, and not from the imagination of the artist, who would assist his patron in gathering the confidence and money of the unwary?



Alas! many a solid living truth continues to live on only to be smiled at as a fallacy; and the fact having been proved that the agricultural specimen in the picture may be realized and enjoyed by the simple process of planting the seed whose results it sets forth so generously, we may shortly expect to see the shaky, uncertain-spotted circus horse gallop around the ring with distended nostrils in the mad, majestic, Pegasus-like action shown in the gayly illuminated poster.

Under a large canvas I think I found the finest exhibit of farm products I ever saw up to that period. And what a fine variety of ripe rich color! The orange of squashes, the purple of egg-plants, the green of cabbages, the red of winter apples, to say nothing of the dull rich tones of various grapes and plums, lit the scene with a ruddy glow, and filled it with a mellow pleasant scent.

Having nothing to show for my summer's work that would have a serious chance of recognition for honors in a prize contest, I assured several farmers who importuned me on the subject that I had been so busy that I really hadn't had time to consider the advisability of allowing myself to be represented by a peach-blow potato or a Berkshire pig. I had come simply as a looker-on—as one unskilled in the subtler mysteries of an art which he would learn sitting at the feet of a master, and basking in the lamp of his superior knowledge.

My pigs that wandered away, never to return—in the pork—came back on the pleasant wings of memory when I viewed the colossal specimen that had been brought to the fair to win a prize of from two to five dollars for the owner. There was one pig in particular that was so rotund that his epidermis glistened through his bristles like a bald-head through the few remaining hairs when nature gathers them one by one, and coldly refuses the gentle benison of an aftermath. This porker was as fat as a pin-cushion, and, like a pin-cushion, was without a fold. When he opened his mouth and smiled his eyes closed, and a ripple ran over his anatomy as over water, and ended in a scarcely perceptible agitation of his tail.

I thought, as I looked at the sole occupant of the sty, how much more in accord with the processes of a philosophic mind is it to purchase one's pork ready made, and to allow a more ambitious and enterprising brother to develop it, and realize the monetary profit!

The race-horses, as they were called, trotted in from three to three minutes and a half, and, of course, appealed more strongly to the humorist than to the sportsman. It was really painful to watch these unfortunate animals forced around the track, because they were so slow that their suffering seemed long and wearisome.

But the racing of the horses was not more painful than the spectacle of several hundred farmers applauding enthusiastically and shouting themselves sore over the silver-plated eloquence of a one-legged soldier orator, who pointed out the political way in which they should go, and exhorted them to vote according to a doctrine entirely counter to their interests.

That night I sat before the blazing logs at Dove's Nest—for already there was a chill in the air—and while smoking my corn-cob pipe, drifted off into a chaste agricultural vision, in which I knew myself as the possessor of pigs as large as Shetland-ponies, that wandered about munching pumpkins of the dimensions of barrels; I had a man who worked the place on shares conscientiously, and presented me with a handsome profit at the close of the season, after supplying my table generously throughout the summer; and when at last I awoke to find the logs smouldering in the ashes, and my pipe out, and compared the dream with the reality, I can only feebly express my feelings when I say that it was like a swift transition from an Arabian night to an Arabian nightmare.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

PRIMA-DONNA.

A POEM are you, dear, and one that I
Like well to read full often; would you know
Why, then, I like the little drama so?
Listen, sweetheart, and I will tell you why.

Not because fascinating rôles you choose
To play as star before my wondering heart;
But that I must myself play well my part,
Because you always give such noble cues.

A. W. R.

A TELEGRAPH TO THE BRAIN

From the stomach is the great sympathetic nerve in the epigastrium. Let digestion become seriously disordered, and that disorder is sure to find a reflection in symptoms which react disadvantageously upon the organ of thought. Insomnia, nervousness, causeless depression and anxiety, are all manifestations of dyspepsia. The best means of remedying and restoring tranquillity to brain and stomach, and of regulating, it may be added, bilious secretion, is to take a wineglassful of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters before meals during the day and before retiring. This course begun, reform in the direction of complete bodily well-being has begun with it. Constipation, sick headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, and malarial complaints are among the troubles in which the Bitters is speedily and thoroughly beneficial. Don't delay, but take the sure course at once.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"ANABASIS," THE NEW GAME.

THIS delightful game is meeting with popular favor. Every family should have it. Will be sent upon receipt of one dollar. E. I. HORSMAN, 80 & 82 William St., N. Y. —[*Adv.*]

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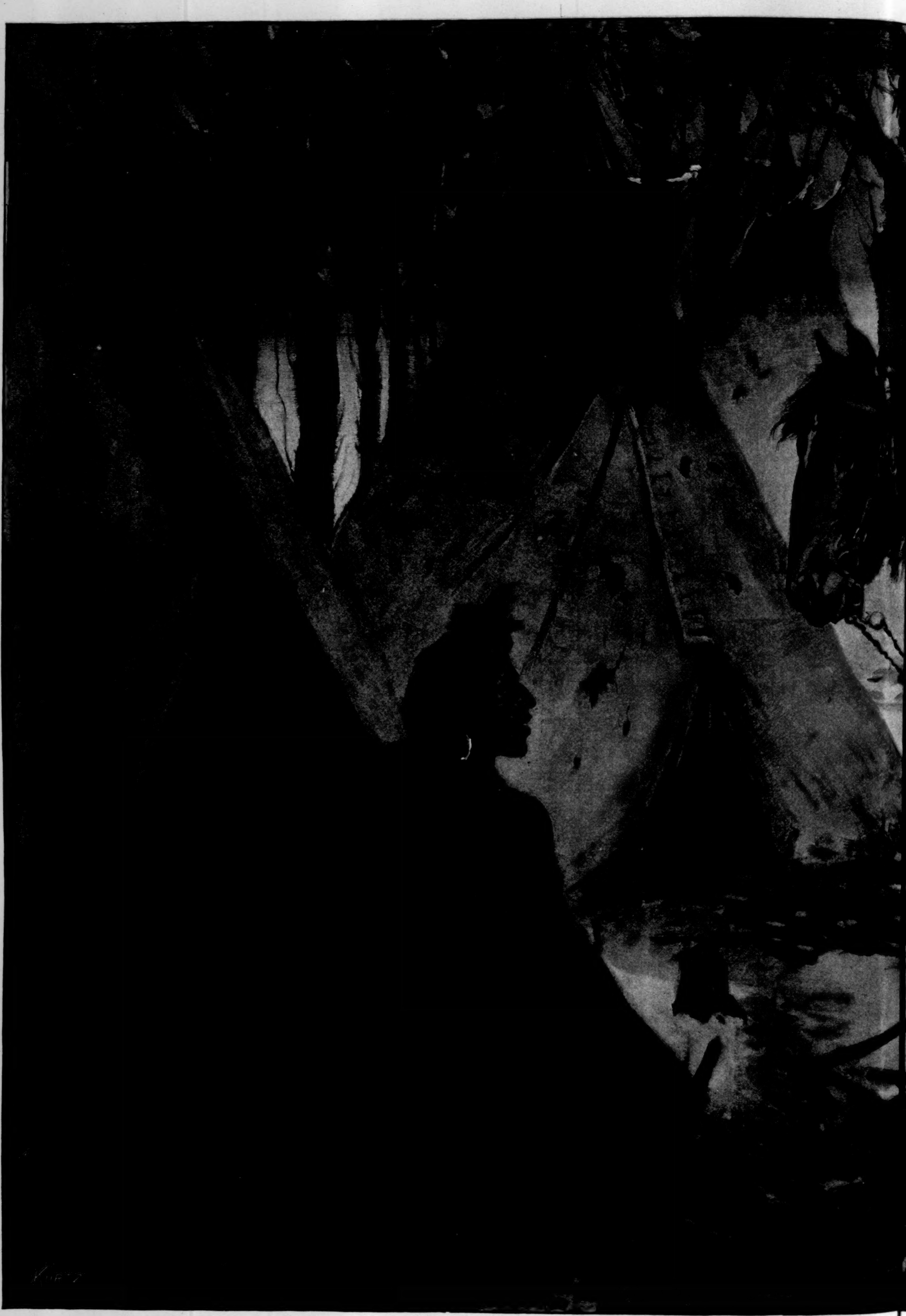

ON THE CATTLE RANGE—"WHAT'S THE SHOW FOR A

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